LINGVA:

OR,

The Combat of the

Tongue,

And the fiue Sences.

FOR

Superiority.

A pleasant Comœdy.

LONDON,
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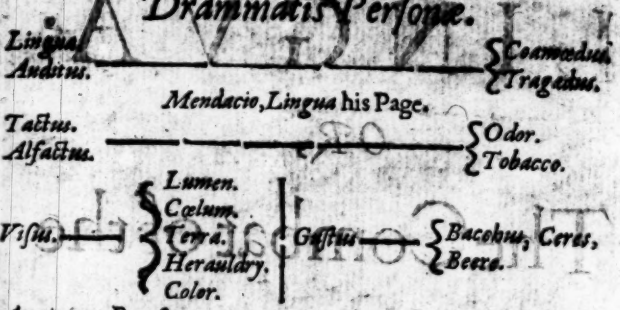
Drammatis Personæ.



Apetitus, a Parasite.
Phanataſtes, Heureſis, Phantaſtes, his Page.
Crapula, Guſtus his follower.
Communis Senſus.
Memoria, Anamneſtes, Memory his Page.
Somnus.

Perſonæ quarum mentio tantum ſit.
Pſeuſa
Arcaſia.
Veritas.
Miſia.

The Scœne is *Microcoſmus* in a Groue.
The Time, from morning till night.

PROLOGVS.

OVr Muſe *deſcribes no Louers paſſion,*
No wretched Father, *no vnthrifty* Sonne:
No craſing ſubtile Whoore, *or ſhameleſſe Bawde,*
Nor ſtubberne Clowne, *or daring Paraſite,*
No lying Seruant, *or bold* Sycophant.
We are not wanton, or Satyricall.
Theſe haue their time and places fit, but we
Sad houres, and ſerious ſtudies, to reprime,
Haue taught ſeuere Philoſophy *to ſmile.*
The Senſes *raſh contentions we compoſe,*
And giue diſplea'd ambition longer day:
Heres all Induſtrious Friends, accept what is not ill,
Who are not ſuch let them do what they will.

Actus

Actus. I. Scoena. I.

Lingua, *apparelled in a Crimson Satten Gowne, a Dressing of white Roses, a little Skeane tyed in a purple Scarfe, a paire of white Buskins drawne with white Riband, Silke-garters, Gloues, &c.*
Auditus, *in a Garland of Bayes, intermingled with Red and white Roses vpon a false haire, a cloth of Siuer Mantle vpon a paire of Sattin Bases, wrought Sleeues, Buskins, Gloues, &c.*

Lingua, Auditus.

Ling. NAy good *Auditus* do but heare me speake,
Aud. *Lingua* thou strik'st too much vpon one string,
The tedious plaine-song grates my tender eares,
Ling. 'Tis plaine indeed, for truth no descant needes,
Lingua's her name, she cannot be deuided.
Aud. O but the ground it selfe is nought, from whence
Thou canst not relish out a good diuision:
Therefore at length sur-cease, proue not starke mad,
Hopelesse to prosecute a hapelesse suit:
For though (perchance) thy first straines pleasing are,
I dare ingage my eares, the cloze will iarre.
Ling. If then your confidence esteeme my cause,
To be so friuolous and weakely wrought,
Nay do you dayly subtill plots deuise,
To stop me from the eares of common Sense?
Whom since our great Queen *Psyche* hath ordain'd,
For his sound wisedome, our Vice-gouernour,
To him, and to his two so wise assistants,
Nymble *Phantasies*, and firme *Memory*:
My selfe and cause, I humbly do commit,
Let them but heare and iudge, I wish no more.
Aud. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the shapest sort:
Good *Ioue* what Sense hast thou to be a Sense;
Since from the first foundation of the world,
We neuer were accounted more then fiue;

Yet you, for-sooth, an idle prating Dame,
Would faine increase the number, and vpstart
To our high seates, decking your babling selfe
With vsurp't titles of our dignity.
Ling. An idle prating Dame: know fond *Auditus*,
Records affirme my titile full as good,
As his amongst the fiue is counted best.
Aud. *Lingua* confesse the truth, th'art wont to lye.
Ling. I say so too, therefore I do not lye,
But now spight of you all I speake the truth.
You fiue amongst vs subiects tyrannize,
Making the sacred name of common Sense,
A cloake to couer our enormities:
He beares the rule, he's Iudge, but iudgeth still,
As he's inform'd by your false euidence:
So that a Plaintife cannot haue accesse,
But through your Gates he heares, but what? nought else
But that thy crafty eares to him conuayes,
And all he sees, is by proud *Visus* shewed him,
And what he touches is by *Tactus* hand,
And smels I know, but thr ough *Olfactus* Nose,
Gustus begins to him what ere he tastes:
By these quaint trickes free passage hath beene bard
That I could neuer equally be heard.
But well, 'tis well. *Aud.* *Lingua* thy feeble sexe,
Hath hither-to with-held my ready hands.
That long'd to plucke that nimble instrument.
Ling. O horrible ingratude! that thou,
That thou of all the rest shouldst threaten me:
Who by my meanes conceiu'st as many tongues,
As *Neptune* closeth lands betwixt his armes;
The ancient *Hebrew* clad with mysteries,
The learned *Greeke* rich in fit Epithites,
Blest in the louely marriage of pure words,
The *Caldy* wise, the *Arabian* Physicall,
The *Romane* Eloquent, and *Tuscane* Graue,
The Brauing *Spanish*, and the smoth-tong'd *French*,
These precious Iewels that adorne thine eares.

All

All from my mouthes rich Cabinet are ſtolne.
How oft hath thou beene chain'd vnto my tongue?
Hang'd at my lips, and rauiſh with my words,
So that a ſpeech faire feather'd could not flie:
But thy eares pit-fall caught it inſtantly.
But now O Heauens!

Aud. O Heauens thou wrong'ſt me much,
Thou wrong'ſt me much thus falſely to vpbraid me:
Had I not granted thee the vſe of hearing,
That ſharpe edg'd tongue whetted againſt her Maſter,
Thoſe puffing lungs, thoſe teeth, thoſe dropſie lippes,
That ſcalding throate, thoſe noſthrils full of ire:
Thy Palate, proper inſtruments of ſpeech,
Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
Vttering nought elſe but idle fiſtements,
Tunes without ſence, words inarticulate,
Had nere beene able t'haue abus'd me thus.
Words are thy children, but of my begetting.

Ling. Perfidious Liar how can I endure thee,
Cal'ſt my vnſpotted chaſtity in queſtion?
O could I vſe the Breath mine anger ſpends,
Id'e make thee know.

And. Heauens looke on my diſtreſſe,
Defend me from this rayling viperesſe,
For if I ſtay, her words ſharpe Vineger
Will fret me through, *Lingua* I muſt be gone:
I heare one call me more then earneſtly. *Exit Auditus.*

Ling. Nay the loud cannoning of thunder-boults,
Screeking of Wolues, howling of tortur'd Ghoſts
Purſue thee ſtill and fill thy amazed eares
With cold aſtoniſhment and horrid feares.
O how theſe Senſes muffle common ſenſe,
And more, and more, with pleaſing obiects ſtriue,
To dull his iudgement and peruert his will
To their be-heſts; who, were he not ſo wrapt
I'th dusky clouds of their darke pollicies,
Would neuer ſuffer right to ſuffer wrong:
Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate?

Art not a Woman? doeſt not loue reuenge?
Delightfull ſpeeches, ſweete perſwaſions?
I haue this long time vſde to get my right,
My right, that is to make the Senſes ſixe;
And haue both name and power with the reſt.
Oft haue I ſeaſoned ſauory periods,
With ſugred words, to delude *Guſtus* taſte,
And oft embeliſht my entreatiue phraſe
With ſmelling flowers of vernant Rhetorique,
Limming and flaſhing it with various Dyes,
To draw proud *Viſus* to me by the eyes:
And oft perfum'd my pettitory ſtile
With Ciuet-ſpeeches, t'entrap *Olfactus* Noſe,
And clad my ſelfe in Silken Eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
But al's become loſt labour, and my cauſe
Is ſtill procraſtinated; therefore now,
Hence ye baſe off-ſpring of a broken mind,
Supple intreaties and ſmooth flatteries:
Go kiſſe the loue-ſicke lippes of pulling Guls,
That ſtill their Braine to quench their loues diſdain,
Go guild the tongues of Bawdes and Paraſites,
Come not within my thoughts. But thou Deceipt,
Breake vp the pleaſure of my brim-full breſt,
Enrich my mind with ſubtill pollicies.
Well then ile goe, whither? nay what know I?
And do, in faith I will, the diuell knowes what,
What if I ſet them all at variance,
And ſo obtaine to ſpeake, it muſt be ſo.
It muſt be ſo, but how? there lies the point:
How? thus: tut this deuice will neuer proue,
Augment it ſo, 'twill be too ſoone deſcride,
Or ſo, not ſo, 'tis too too dangerous,
Piſh, none of theſe, what if I take this courſe? ha?
Why there it goes, good, good, moſt excellent,
He that will catch Eeeles muſt diſturbe the floud,
The Chickn's hatcht yfaith, for they are proud,
And ſoone will take a cauſe of diſagreement.

ACTVS. I. SCENE. 2.

Mendacio, *attired in a Taffata Sute of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary Page, Gloues, Hamper.*

Lingua, Mendacio.

Lin. I see the Heauens nurse my new-born deuice,
For loe my Page *Mendacio* comes already,
To file and burnish that I hammerd out,
Neuer in better time *Mendatio*,
What hast thou done? *Men.* Done, yes long agoe.
Lin. Is't possible thou shouldst dispatch so soone?
Men. Madame, I had no sooner told
Tactus, that *Gustus* would faine speake with him:
But I spied *Visus*, *Gustus* and the rest,
And serued them all with sawce of seuerall lies:
Now the last Sence I spake of was *Olfactus*,
Who hauing smelt the meaning of my Message,
Straight blew his Nose, and quickly puft me hither,
But in the Whirle-wind of his furious blast,
Had not, by chance, a Cob-web held me fast,
Mendacio had beene with you long ere this.
Lin. Witnesse this lie, *Mendacio's* with me now,
But sirra, out of iesting, will they come?
Men. Yes and it like your Lady-ship presently:
Here may you haue me prest to flatter them.
Lin. Ile flatter no such proud Companions,
'Twill do no good, therefore I am determined
To leaue such baseneſſe.
Men. Then, shall turne and bid them stay at home?
Lin. No, for their comming hither to this Groue,
Shall be a meanes to further my deuise,
Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* go presently,
Runne you vile Ape. *Men.* Whither?
Lin. What dost thou stand? *Men.* Till I know what to doe.

Lin.

Lin. S'pretious 'tis true,
So mightst thou finely ore-runne thine errand.
Hast to my Chest. *Men.* I,I. *Lin.* There shalt thou find
A gorgeous Robe, and golden Coronet,
Conuay them hither nimbly, let none see them. *Exit Mendacio.*
Men. Madam, I flye, I flye. *Lin.* But here you sirra?
Locke vp your fellow seruant *Veritas.* *Men.* I warrant you,
You need not feare, so long as I am with you. *Hee goes out, and*
What colour is the Robe? *comes in presently.*
Lin. There is but one. *Mendacio going returnes in hast.*
Men. The Key Madam, the Key.
Lin. By *Iuno* how forgetfull is suddaine speed?
Here take it, runne. *Men.* Ile be here instantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

ACTVS. 1. SCENA. 3.

Lingua sola.

Lin. Whilome this Crowne and gorgious Ornament,
Were the great prize, for which fiue Orators,
With the sharpe weapons of their tongues contended:
But all their speeches were so equall wrought,
And a like gratious, that if his were witty,
His was as wise; the thirds faire eloquence
Did paralell the fourths firme grauity,
The lasts good gesture kept the Ballance euen
With all the rest, so that the sharpest eye,
And most iudicious censor could not iudge
To whom the hanging victory should fall:
Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
To offer vp both Crowne and Robe to me,
As the chiefe Patroness of their profession:
Which heretofore I holily haue kept,
Like to a Misers gold, to looke on only;
But now I'de put them to a better vse,
And venture both in hope to ——

ACTVS. I. SCENA. 4.

Mendacio, Lingua.

Men. Haue I not hied me Madam? looke you here,
What shall be done with these temptations?
Ling. They say a golden Ball
Bred enmitie betwixt three Goddesses;
So shall this Crowne be author of debate
Betwixt fiue Senses. *Men.* Where shall it be laid?
Ling. There, there, there, 'tis well, so, so, so.
Men. A Crown's a pleasing baite to looke vpon,
The craftiest Foxe will hardly scape this trap.
Ling. Come lets away and leaue it to the chance.
Men. Nay rather let me stand close hereabouts
And see the euent. *Lin.* Do so, and if they doubt
How it came there, faine them some pretty fable,
How that some God. *Men.* Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that haue fained so many hundred gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turne.
Whilst Madame, away, away, you fright the Fowle,
Tactus comes hard by looke you. *Ling.* Ist he for certaine?
Men. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he. *Lin.* 'Tis he indeed. *Exit Lingua.*

ACTVS. II. SCENA. 5.

Tactus *in a darke coloured Sattin Mantle ouer a paire of silke Bases, a Garland of Bayes, mixt with white and red Roses, vpon a black Grogaram, a Paulebion, straight sleeues, Buskins &c.*

Mendacio, Tactus.

Men. Now chast *Diana* grant my nets to hold,
Tact. The blasting child-hood of the cheerefull morne
Is almost growne a youth, and ouer-climbes
Yonder guilt Eastern hils, about which time
Gustus most earnestly importun'd me.

To meete him heereabouts, what cause I know not.

Men. You shall do shortlie to your cost I hope.

Tac. Sure by the Sunne it should be nine a clocke.

Men. What a starre-gazer, will you neere looke downe?

Tac. Cleere is the Sunne, and blew the Firmament,
Me thinks the Heauens do smile. *Tactus stumbleth.*

—— *Mend.* At thy misfortune.

To looke so high and stumble in a trip.

Tactus stumbleth at the Robe and Crowne.

Tac. High thoughts haue slippery feete, I had well nigh falne,

Me. Wel doth he fall that vseth with a fall. *Tac.* What's this?

Me. O are you taken, 'tis in vaine to striue. *Tac.* How now?

Men. Youle be so intangled straight. *Tac.* A Crowne?

Men. That will be heard. *Tac.* And a Robe.

Men. To loose your life. *Tac.* A Crowne and a Robe.

Me. It had bin fitter for you to haue found a fooles Coat, and a Bable, hey, hey. *Tac.* *Iupiter*, *Iupiter*, how came this heere?

Men. O Sir, *Iupiter* is making Thunder he heres you not; here one knowes better. *Tac.* 'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not
Do I not sleepe and dreame all this good luck, ha? (so, no,
No I am awake, and feele it now *He takes it vp.*
Whose should it be? *Men.* Set vp a *Siquis* for it.

Tac. *Mercury*, all's mine owne, heer's none to cry halfes mine.

Men. When I am gone. *Exit Mendatio.*

ACTVS. I. SCENE 6.

Tactus solus.

Tac. *Tactus*, thy snoaking forme what did portend,
Was euer man so fortunate as I?
To breake his shinnes at such a stumbling block?
Roses and Baies pack hence: this Crowne and Robe,
My browes and body circles and inuests.
How gallantly it fits me, sure the slaue,
Measur'd my head that wrought this Coronet.
They lie that say Complections cannot change,
My Bloud's enobled, and I am transformd,

Vnto the sacred temper of a King.
Me thinkes I heare my noble Parasites
Stiling me *Cæsar* or great *Alexander*,
Licking my feete and wondring where I got
This precious ointment: How my pace is mended?
How Princely do I speake, how sharpe I threaten?
Peasants Ile curbe your head-strong impudence,
And make you tremble when the Lion roares,
Yea earth-bred wormes, oh for a looking-glasse;
Poets will write whole volumes of this scarre,
Wher's my attendants? Come hither Sirra quicklie.
Or by the wings of *Hermes*.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. 7.

Olfactus, *in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with white & red Roses upon a false haire, his sleeves wrought with flowers under a Damaske Mantle ouer a paire of silke Bases, a paire of Buskins drawne with Ribband, a Flower in his hand.*

Tactus, Olfactus.

Tac. Aye me *Olfactus* comes, I cal'd too soone,
Heele haue halfe part I feare: What shall I doe?
Where shall I runne, how shall I shift him off?
Olf. This is the time, and this the place appointed,
Where *Visus* promis'd to conferre with me,
I thinke hee's there. No, no, 'tis *Tactus* sure.
How now, what makes you sit so nicely?
Tac. It's past imagination, 'tis so indeed.
Olf. How fairely his deedes are fixed; and how melancholy hee lookes? *Tactus, Tactus.*
Tac. For this is true, Mans life is wondrous brittle.
Olf. He's mad I thinke, he talkes so idly, so ho, *Tactus*,
Tac. And many haue beene metamorphosed,
To stranger matters, and more wicked formes.
Olf. I must goe neerer him, he doth not heare.
Tac. And yet me thinks, I speake as I was wont,

And —— *Olf. Tactus, Tactus.*

Tac. Olfactus as thou louest come not neere me,

Olf. Why? art thou hatching egs th'art fear'd to breake them?

Tac. Touch me not least thou chance to breake my life,

Olf. What's this vnder thee?

Tac. If thou meddle with me I am vtterly vndone

Olf. Why man? what ailes thee?

Tac. Let me alone and Ile tell thee,
Lately I came from fine *Phantastes* house.

Olf. So I beleeue, for th'art very foolish.

Tac. No sooner had I parted out of doores,
But vp I held my hands before my face:
To sheild my eies from the Lights, piercing beames,
When, I protest, I saw the Sunne a cleere,
Through these my palmes as through a prospectiue
No maruaile, for when I beheld my fingers:
I saw my fingers neere transform'd to glasse,
Opening my brest, my Brest was like a Window,
Through which I plainely did perceiue my heart:
In whose two Conclaues I discern'd my thoughts,
Confusedly, lodg'd in great multitudes.

Olf. Ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Momus himselfe can find no fault with thee.
Thou mak'st a passing liue *Anotomy*.
And decide the question much disputed:
Betwixt the *Galenists* and *Aristotle*.

Tac. But when I had arin'd and set me downe,
Viewing my selfe, my selfe, aye me! was chang'd,
As now thou seest a perfect Vrinall.

Olf. T'a perfect Vrinall, O monstrous, monstrous, art not mad to thinke so? *Tac.* I do not think so, but say I am so,
Therefore *Olfactus* come not neere I aduise you.

Olf. See the strange working of dull melancholly,
Whose drossie drying the feeble Braine,
Corrupts the sence, deludes the intellect.
And in the soules faire Table falsely graues,
Whole squadrons of phantasticall *Chimerae*
And thousand vaine imaginations:

Making some thinke their heads as big as Horses,
Some that th'are dead, some that th'are turn'd to Wolues;
As now it makes him thinke himselfe all glasse,
Tactus dis wade thy selfe, thou dost but thinke so.

Tac. *Olfactus* if thou loueſt me get thee gone,
I am an Vrinall, I dere not stir,
For feare of cracking the bottome. *Olf.* Wil thou sit thus all day?

Tac. Vnlesse thou helpe me.

Olf. Bedlam must helpe thee, what wouldst haue me doe?

Tac. Go to the Citie, make a Case fit for me,
Stuffe it with wooll, then come againe and fetch.

Olf. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laught out of case and countenance.

Tac. I care not, so it must be or I cannot stirre.

Olf. I had best leaue troubling him he's obstinate (Vrinall Ile leaue you) but aboue all things take heede *Iupiter* sees you not, for if he doe, he'le nere make water in a Sine; againe thou'lt serue his turne so fit to carry his water vnto *Aesculapius*, farewell Vrinall farewell. *Exit Olfactus.*

Tac. Speake not so loud, the sound's enough to cracke mee. What is he gone? I an Vrinal, ha, ha, ha, I protest I might haue had my face washt finely, if he had meant to abuse me: I an Vrinal, ha, ha, ha, go to, Vrinall you haue scapt a faire scouring, well Ile away, and get me to mine owne house, there Ile lock vp my selfe fast, playing the Chimicke, augmenting this owne Crowne to troupes of Angels, with which gold-winged Messengers, I meane,
To worke great wonders, as to build and purchase,
Faire daintily, tye vp mens tongues and loose them,
Command their liues, their goods, their liberties,
And captiue all the world with chaines of gold,
Hey, hey, terry linkum tinkum. *He offers to goe out, but comes in suddenly amazed.*
O *Hercules*
Fortune the Queene delights to play with me,
Stopping my passage with the sight of *Visus*,
But as he makes hither Ile make hence,
Ther's more waies to the wood then one. *He offers to goe out at the other doore, but returnes againe in hast.*
What, more Diuels to affright me?
O Diabolo, *Gustus* comes here to vexe me.

So that I poore wretch, am like a ſhittle-cocke betwixt two Battledors. If I runne there, *Viſus* beates me to *Scilla*, If here, then *Guſtus* blowes me to *Carybdis*.
Neptune hath ſworne my hope ſhall ſuffer ſhip-wracke.
What ſhall I ſay?
Mine Vrinals, to thin to bide the fury of ſuch ſtormes as theſe.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. 8.

Viſus *in a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roſes, a light coloured Taffata Mantle ſtriped with ſilver, & fringed upon green ſilke Baſes, Buſkins &c.*
Guſtus *in the ſame faſhion differing only in colour.*
Tactus *in a corner of the Stage.*

Viſus, Guſtus, Tactus.

Viſ. *Guſtus* good day. *Guſ.* I cannot haue a bad,
Meeting ſo faire an *Omen* as your ſelfe.
Tac. Shall I? wilt proue? ha! well 'tis beſt to venture. *Tactus puts on the Robes.*
Guſ. Saw you not *Tactus*, I ſhould ſpeake with him?
Tac. Perchance ſo, a ſudden lie hath beſt lucke.
Viſ. That face is his, or elſe mine eyes deceiu'd.
Why how now *Tactus*, what ſo gorgious?
Guſ. Where didſt thou get theſe faire habiliments?
Tac. Stand backe I charge you as you loue your liues,
By *Stix* the firſt that toucheth me ſhall dye.
Viſ. I can diſcerne no weapon, will he kill vs?
Tac. Kill you? not I, but come not neere you had beſt.
Viſ. Why art thou mad? *Tac.* Friends, as you loue your liues,
Venture not once to come within my reach.
Guſ. Why doſt threaten ſo?
Tac. I do not threaten, but in pure loue aduiſe for the beſt.
Dare not to touch me, but hence flie apace,
Adde wings vnto your feete, and ſaue your liues,
Viſ. Why what's the matter, *Tactus* prethee tell me?
Tac. If you will needes ieopard your liues ſo long,
As heare the ground of my amazednelſe,
Then for your better ſafetie ſtand aſide.

Gus. How full of Ceremonies, sure he'le coniure,
For such like Robes Magitians vse to weare.
Vis. Ile see the end, though he should vnlocke Hell,
And set th'infernall Hags at libertie.
Tac. How rash is man on bidden armes to rush,
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walke that way that to *Crumena* leads.
Gus. You meane *Cremona*, a litle towne hard by.
Tac. I say *Crumena* called *Vacua*,
A Towne which doth, and alwaies hath belong'd
Chiefely to Schollers: from *Crumena* wall,
I saw a man came stealing craftily,
Apparelled in this vesture which I weare.
But seeing me eft-soones, he tooke his heeles,
And threw his garment from him all in hast,
Which I perceiuing to be richly wrought,
Tooke it me vp: But good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harmes, and scape my miserie.
Vis. I know no danger, leaue these circumstances.
Tac. No sooner had I put it on my backe,
But suddenly my eies beganne to dim,
My ioints waxe sore, and all my bodie burne
With most intestiue torture, and at length,
It was too euident, I had caught the plague.
Vis. The plague, away good *Gustus* let's be gone,
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me
Crumena vacua neuer wants the plague.
Gus. Tactus Ile put my selfe in ieopardie to pleasure thee.
Tac. No gentle *Gustus*, your absence is the only thing I wish,
Least I infect you with company. *Gus.* Farewell. *Exit Gustus*
Vis. I willingly would stay to do thee good.
Tac. A thousand thankes, but since I needs must dye,
Let it suffice, death only murthers me,
O 'twould augment the dolour of my death,
To know my selfe the most vnhappie bow,
Through which pale death should aime his shafts at you:
Vis. Tactus farewell, yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be interred as they ought. *Exit Visus.*

Tac.

Tac. Go make my Tombe, prouide my Funerals, ha, ha, ha, ha, Excellent Asses, thus to be deluded,
Bewaile his death and cruell destinies,
That liues, and laughs your fooleries to scorne,
But wher's my Crowne, oh heere: I well deserue,
Thus to be crowned for two great Victories, ha, ha, ha,
Visus take care my corps be well inter'd:
Go make my tombe, and write vpon the stone,

Here lies the Sense, that lying gul'd there all,
With a false plague, and feigned vrinall.

ACTVS. I, SCENA. 9.

Auditus, Tactus.

Aud. Tactus, Tactus.

Tac. O *Iupiter* 'tis *Auditus*, all's mard, I doubt the slie knaue heares so far, but yet Ile grope him: how now Eares, what make you heare, ha?

Aud. Nay what make you heere, I pray, what were you talking euen now, of an Asse, and a Crowne, and a Vrinall, and a plague?

Tac. A plague on you, what I? *Aud.* Oh, what you.

Tac. O I had well nigh forgot, nothing but I say.

Aud. What?

Tac. That if a man (do you marke sir) being sicke of the plague (do you see sir) had a, a, a, hem, hem, (this cold troubles mee, it makes me cough sometimes extremely) had a *French* Crowne, (sir you vnderstand me) lying by him and (come hither, come hither) & would not bestow two pence (do you heare) to buy an Vrinall (do you marke me) to carry his water to the Physician (hem)

Aud. What of all this?

Tac. I say such a one was a very Asse, this was all I vse to speak to my selfe, when I am alone, but *Auditus*, when shall wee heare a new set of singing-bookes, or the Viols, or the consort of instruments.

Aud. This was not all, for I heard mention of a Tombe, and an Epitaph.

Tac. True, true, I made my selfe merry with this Epitaph, vpon such a fooles Tombe thus a thus: hus plague brought this man,

(foh

(foh I haue forgotten) oh thus, plague brought this man (so, so, so) vnto his buriall because, because, (hem, hem) because hee would not buy an Vrinall; come, come *Auditus*, shall wee heare thee play, the *Lyeroway*, or the *Luteway*, or the Comet, or any Musicke, I am greatly reuiued when I heare.

Aud. Tactus, Tactus, this will not serue, I heard all, you haue not found a Crowne: you, no, haue you not.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. *vltima.*

Tactus, Auditus, Visus, Gustus, Mendatio.

Tac. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, harke thee good now,

Aud. I cannot hold I must needes tell.

Tac. O do not, do not, do not, come hither, will you be a foole?

Vis. Had he not wings vpon his feete and shoulders?

Men. Yes, and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiously wrapped with a paire of snakes.

Tac. Will halfe content you, pish 'twill nere be knowne.

Gus. My life 'twas *Mercury*.

Men. I do not know his name, but this I am sure, his hat had wings vpon't. *Vis.* Doubtlesse 'twas hee, but say my Boy, what did he?

Men. First I beheld him houering in the aire,
And then downe stooping, with a hundred gires:
His feete he fixt on Mount *Clephalon*,
From whence he flew, and lighted on that plaine,
And with disdainefull steps some glided thither:
Whither arriu'd, he suddenly vnsoulds
A gorgeous Robe, and glittring Ornament,
And laid them all vpon that hillocke:
This done he wafts his hand, tooke wing againe,
And in a moment vanishe out of sight,
With that mine eyes gan stare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quiuering ioynts with sweat bedew'd:
My heeles, me-thought had wings as well as his,
And so away I runne, but by the way
I met a man, as I thought comming thither.

Gus. What markes had he?

Men. He had a great——what! this is he, this is he.

Vis. What *Tactus*?

Gus. This was the plague vext him so,

Tactus your Graue gapes for you, are you ready?

Vis. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leaue all your goods behind you; bequeath the
Crowne and Robe to your Executors.

Tac. No such matter; I, like the *Egiptian* Knights (liuer.
For the more state, will be buried in them. *Vis.* Come, come, de-

Visus snatcheth the Crowne, and sees letters grauen in it.

Tac. What will you take my purse from me?

Vis. No, but a Crowne that's iust more then your owne;
Ha, what's this? 'tis a very small hand,
What Inscription is this?

Hee of the fiue that proues himselfe the best,
Shall haue his Temples with this Coronet blest.

This Crowne is mine, and mine this garment is,
For I haue alwaies beene accounted best.

Tac. Next after me, I as your selfe at any time: besides I found
it first, therefore 'tis mine.

Gus. Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

Aud. And mine the most of any of you all.

Vis. Giue me it, or else——

Tac. Ile make you lose repent it——

Gus. Presumptious as you are——

Aud. Spite of your teeth——

Men. Neuer till now, a ha, it workes apace,

Visus I know 'tis yours, and yet me thinkes
Auditus you should haue some challenge to it:
But that your title *Tactus* is so good,
Gustus I would sweare the Coronet were yours.
What, will you all goe brawle about a trifle?
View but the pleasant Coasts of *Meredosus*.
Is't not great pitty to be rent with warres?
Is't not a shame to staine with buirfull teares,
The smiling cheekes of euer-cheerefull peace?
Is't not far better to liue quietly,
Then broyle in fury of dissention?

Giue

Giue me the Crowne ye shall disagree
If I can please you; Ile play *Paris* part,
And most vnpartiall Indge the controuersie:
Vis. Sauce-box go meddle with your Ladies fanne,
And prate not here.
Men. I speake not for my selfe, but for my Countries safe commodity.
Vis. Sirra be still.
Men. Nay and you be so hot the Diuell part you,
Ile to *Olfactus* and send him amongst you.
O that I were *Alecto* for your sakes:
How liberally would I bestow my snakes, *Exit Mendico.*
Vis. Tactus vpon thine honour,
I challenge thee to meete me here,
Strong as thou canst prouide in th'afternoone.
Tac. I vndertake the Challenge, and heres my hand
In signe thou shalt be answered.
Gus. Tactus Ile ioyne with thee on that condition,
That if we win he that fought best of vs
Shall haue the Crowne, the other weare the Robe.
Tac. Giue me your hand I like the motion.
Vis. Auditus shall we make our forces double,
Vpon the same termes. *Au.* Very willingly.
Vis. Come lets away feare not the victory.
Rights more aduantage, then an host of Souldiers. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus. 2. Scœna. 1.

Appetitus, *A long leane Raw-bon'd fellow in a Souldiers coate, a sword, &c.*

Mendacio, Appetitus.

Me. I long to see those hot-spur-Senses at it, they say they haue gallant preparations, and not vnlikely, for most of the Souldiers are ready in Armes, since the last field fought against their yeerely enemy, *Meleager*, and his wife *Acrasia*, that Conquest hath so flesh't them, that no peace can hold them, but had not *Meleager* beene sicke, and *Acrasia* drunke, the Senses might haue whistled for the victory.

Appe. Foh, what a ſtinke of Gunpowder is yonder?

Men. Who's this? oh, eh 'tis *Appetitus Gulſus* hungry Paraſit.

Appe. I cannot endure the ſmoking of Guns, the thundring of Drums; I had rather heare the merry hacking of Pot-herbes, and ſee the reaking of a hot Capon: If they would vſe no other Bucklers in war, but ſhields of Brawn, brandiſh no ſwords but ſwords of Bacon, traile no ſpeares, but ſparibs of Porke, & inſtead of Hargebuſh-peeces, diſcharge Artichoke-pies, teſſe no Pikes but boiled Pickrels, then *Appetitus* would rouſe vp his Creſt, and beare vp himſelfe with the proudeſt.

Mad. Ah, here's a youth ſtarke naught at a Trench, but old dog at a Trencher, a tall Squire at a ſquare Table.

Appe. But now my good Maſters muſt pardon mee, I am not for their ſeruice, for their ſeruice is without ſeruice, and indeede their ſeruices is too hot for my dyet. But if I be not my ſelfe, but only this be my ſpirit that wanders vp and downe, and *Appetitus* be kil'd in the Canpe? the Diuell be is as ſoone, how's that poſſible? tut, tut, I know am, I am *Appetitus*, and alius to, by this infallible token, that I feele my ſelfe hungry.

Men. Thou mightſt haue taken a better token of thy ſelfe, by knowing thou art a foole.

Appe. Well then, though I made my fellow Souldiers admire the beauty of my backe, and admire the nimbleneſſe of my heeles, yet now wil I at ſafety at home, tell in what dangers they are in abroad, Ile ſpeake nothing but guns, and glaues, and ſtaues, and phalanges, and ſquadrons, and barracadoes, ambuſcadoes, palm-does, blanke-point-dept, counter-point, counter-ſcrafe, ſallies and lies, ſalladoes, tarrantara's, tanta, tara, tara, hey.

Men. I muſt take the fife out of his mouth or hel'e here a done.

Appe. But aboue all, I'le be ſure on my knees to thank the great--

Men. Who am I? who am I? who I? *Mendacio binds him.*

Appe. By the bloud-ſtain'd Fauchion of manors---I am on your ſide.

Men. Why who am I? *Ap.* Are you a Souldier? *Men.* No.

Ap. Then you are Maſter *Helluo* the Beare-heard.

Men. No, no, he's dead.

Ap. Or *Gulono* the gutty Seriant, or *Dalphino* the Vintner, or elſe I know you not, for theſe are all my acquaintance.

Men.

Men. Would I were hanged if I be any of these.

Ap. What *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight thou art welcome, I must borrow thy Whetstone to sharpen the edges of my martiall complements.

Men. By the faith of a knight: what a pox, where are thy spurs?

Ap. I need no spurs, I ride like *Pegasus* on a winged horse, on a swift Genner, my boy called Peare.

Men. What should'st thou feare in the wars? he's not a good Souldier, that hath not a good stomake.

Ap. O but the stinke of Powder spoiles *Appetitus* stomake, & then thou know'st when tis gone *Appetitus* is dead, therefore I verie manfully drew my sword, & flourisht it brauely about my eares, kist, and finding my selfe hurt, most manfully ranne away.

Men. All heart indeed, for thou runst like a Hare out of the field, it seemes then the Senses meane to fight it out.

Ap. I, and out-fight themselues I thinke, and all about a trifle, a paltrie bable, found I know not where.

Men. Thou art deceiued, they fight for more then that, a thing called superiority, of which the Crown is but an Emblem.

Ap. Mendacio hang this superiority, Crowne me no Crowne, but *Bacchus* Crowne of Roses, giue me no Scepter but a fat Capons leg, to shew that I am the great King of *Hungary*, therfore I prethee talke no more of state-matters, but in briefe tell mee, my little Rascall, how hast thou spent thy time this many day?

Men. Faith in some credit since thou saw'st me last.

Ap. How so? where?

Men. Euery where, In the Court your Gentlewoman hang at their Apron-strings, & that makes them answere so readily. In the Citie I am honour'd like a god, none so well acquainted with your Tradsmen, your Lawyers all the terme time hire me of my Hadire, your Gallants if they heare my name abused, stab for my sake, your Trauellers so dote vpon me as passes, O they haue good reason, for I haue carried them to manie a good meale vnder the countenance of my familiaritie, nay your States-men haue oftentimes closely conueied me vnder their tongues to make their pollices more currant; as for old men they challenge my cõpanie by authoritie. *Ap.* I am exceeding glad of your great promotiõ.

Men. Now when I am disposed I can Philosophie it in the

Vniuersity with the subtilest of them all.

Ap. I cannot be perswaded, that th'art acquainted with Schollers euer since thou went prest to death in a Printing-house.

Men. No, why I was the first founder of the three sects of Philosophy, except one of the Peripatetricks, who acknowledge *Aristotle* (I confesse their great Grand-father.)

Ap. Thou Boy, how is this possible? thou art but a child, and there were sects of Philosophie before thou were borne.

Men. Appetitus, thou mistakest me, I tell thee 3000. yeares agoe was *Mendacio* borne in *Greece*, first in *Crete*, and euer since honoured euery where: Ile be sworn I held old *Homer* pen when he writ his *Iliads*, and his *Odisses*.

Ap. Thou hadst need for, I heare say he was blinde.

Men. I helped *Herodotus* to pen some part of his Muses, lent *Pliny* inke to write his history, rounded *Rabelais* in the eare when he historified *Gargantua*, as for *Lucian* I was his Genius, O those two bookes, *De vera Historia*, how soeuer they got vnder his name, Ile be sworne I writ them euery tittle.

Ap. Sure as I am hungry, thou'lt haue it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

Men. Nothing lesse, I must confesse I would faine haue iogged *Stow*, and great *Holings-head* on their elbowes, when they were about their Chronicles, and as I remember, Sir *Iohn Mandevils* trauels, and a great part of the *Decads* were of my doing. But for the *Mirrour of Knight-hood*, *Bevis of Southampton*, *Palmerin of England*, *Amadis of Gaule*, *Huon of Burdeaux*, Sir *Guy of Warwicke*, *Martin Marprellate*, *Robin-hood*, *Gargantua*, *Gerilion*, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breath on my breath vp and downe.

Ap. Downewards Ile sweare, for ther's stinking lies in them.

Men. But what, should I light a Candle to the bright Sunne-shine of my glorious renowne, the whole world is full of *Mendacio*'s fame.

Ap. And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

Men. But sirra, how hast thou done this long time?

Ap. In as much request as thy selfe. To begin with the Court as thou didst, I lie with the Ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for Cullises, and Grullies, so early before their prayers,

your

your Gallants neuer sup, Breake-fast, or Beauer without me.

Men. That's false, for I haue seene them eate with a ful stomake.

Ap. True, but because they knew a little thing driues me from them, therefore in midst of meat they present me with some sharp sauce, or a dish of delicate Anchoues, or a Cauiare, to intice mee back againe: nay more, your old Sires that hardly goe without a prop, will walke a mile or two, euery day to renue their acquaintance with mee, as for the *Academy* it is beholding to mee, for adding the eight Prouince vnto noble *Heptarchy* of the liberall Sciences. *Men.* What's that I prethe.

Ap. The most desired and honourable art of Cookery.

Now sirra in the City I am------st, st.

O the body of a Louse. *Men.* What art a Louse in the City?

Ap. Not a word more, for yonder comes *Phantastes*, and some body else. *Mend.* What a pox can *Phantastes* do?

Ap. Worke a miracle if he would proue wise.

Men. 'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup: the foole loues mee exceedingly, but I care not for his company, for if he once catch mee, I shall neuer be rid of him. *Exeunt Appetitus and Mendacio.*

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 2.

Phantastes. *A swart complexion'd fellow, but quickey'd, in a white Satten Doublet of one fashion, greene Veluet Hose of another; a phantasticall Hat with a plume of feathers of seuerall colours, a little short Taffata cloke, a paire of Buskins cut, drawne out with sundry coloured Ribands and Scarfes hung about him after all fashions, and all colours, Rings, Iewels, a Fanne, and in euery place other old complements.*

Heuresis. *A nimble sprighted Page, in the newest fashion, with a garland of Bayes, &c.*

Phantastes, Heuresis.

Phan. Sirra Boy, *Heuresis*, boy how now, byting your nailes?

Heu. Three things haue troubled my braine this many a day, & iust now, when I was laying on the inuention of them, your suddaine call made them like *Tantalus* apples, flie from my fingers.

Phan.

Pha. Some great matters questionlesse, what were they?

Hen. The quadrature of a Circle, the Philosophers Stone, and the next way to the Indies.

Pha. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for heele be found out all together, *ad Græcas Calendas*, but let them passe, and carrie the conceit I told you this morning to the partie you wot of. In my immagination 'tis capritious, 'twill take I warrant thee.

Hen. I will Sir. But what say you to the Gentleman that was with you yesterday?

Pha. O, I thinke thou meanest him that made nineteene Sonnets of his Mistresse Busk-point.

Hen. The same, the same, Sir, you promis'd to helpe him out with the twentieth.

Pha. By *Iupiters* clouen pate 'tis true: But we wittie fellowes are so forgetfull, but stay, hu, hu, carry him this:

The gordian knot which Alexander great,
Did wholome cut with his all conquering sword:
Was nothing like thy Buske-point pretty paste,
Nor could so faire an augury affoord.

Then to conclude, let him peruert *Catullus* his *zonam soluit diu ligatam*, thus, thus.

Which if I chance to cut or else vntie,
Thy little world I'le conquer presently.

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporall.

Hen. Well Sir, but now for Master *Inamorato* loue-letter.

Ph. Some netling stuffe y faith; let him write thus.

Most heart-commanding fac't Gentlewoman, euen as the stone in India called Basilicus, *hurts all that looke on it; and as the Serpent in* Arabia *called* Smaragdus, *delighteth the sight, so does thy celestiall orbe-assimulating eyes, both please, and in pleasing wound my loue-darted heart.*

Hen. But what tricke shall I inuent for the conclusion?

Ph. Pish any thing, loue will minister Inke for the rest, he that once begun well, hath halfe done well, let him begin againe, and there's all.

Hen. Master *Gullo* spoke for a new fashion, what for him?

Pha. A fashion for his suit — let him button it downe the sleeue

sleeue with foure elbowes, and so make it the pure hieroglyphike of a foole.

Heu. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

Pha. What, that Boy? by this faire hand thou shalt haue it.

Heu. Mistres *Superbia*, a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance, wisht me to aduise her a new set for her Ruffe, and an odde Tire, I pray sir helpe me out with it.

Pha. Ah Boy, in my conceit 'tis a hard matter to performe, these women haue well nigh tyred me, and deuising Tires for them, and set me at a *non plus* for my new Sets, their heads are so light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

Heu. I pray Sir, she had a bad face, and faine would haue Sutors; Phantastical and odde apparell would, perchance, draw some some body to looke on her.

Pan. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the worse, bid her weare the multitude of her deformities vnder a maske, till my leasure will serue to deuise some durable, and vnstained blush of painting.

Heu. Very good Sir.

Phan. Away then, hie thee againe, meet me at the Court within this houre at the farthest. *Exit Heuesis.*

Oh Heauens! How haue I bin troubled this latter times with Women, Fooles, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggerers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they haue almost disrobed me of all the toies and trifles I can deuise; were it not that I pitty the multitude of Printers, these Sonnet-mungers should starue for conceits for all *Phantasies*. But the puling Louers, I cannot but laugh at them and their Encomions of their Mistresses: They make, forsooth, her haire of Gold, her eyes of Diamond, her cheekes of Roses, her lips of Rubies, her teeth of Pearle, and her whole body of Iuory; and when they haue thus Idol'd her like *Pigmalion*, they fall downe & worship her. *Psiche*, thou hast laid a hard taske vpon my shoulders, to inuent at euery ones aske, were it not that I refresh my dulnesse once a day with thy most Angelicall presence, 'twere vnpossible for me to vndergoe it.

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 3.

Communis Sensus, *a graue man in a blacke Velure Cassocke like a Councellour, speakes comming out of the doore.*

Communis Sensus, Phantasies.

Com. S. I cannot stay, I tell you 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my Soueraigne *Psyche* hath expected me this houre

Pha. In good time, yonder comes *Common-sense*, I imagine it should be he by his voyce.

Com. S. Cradle my counsell, tell me what manner of man is he? Can he entertaine a man into his house, can hee hold his Veluet Cap in one hand, and vale his Bonnet with the other? knowes hee how to become a Scarlet Gowne, hath he a paire of fresh posts at his doore?

Pha. Hee's about some hasty State-matters, he talkes of Posts me thinks.

Com. S. Can he part a couple of dogs brawling in the streete? why then chuse him Maior, vpon my credit heele proue a wise Officer.

Pha. Saue you my Lord, I haue attended your leasure this houre.

Com. S. Fie vpon't what a toyle haue I had to chuse them a Maior yonder? ther's a fusty Currier will haue his man; ther's a Chandler wipes his Nose on his sleeue, and sweares it shall not be so. Ther's a Mustard-maker lookes as keene as Vineger will haue another; O this many-headed multitude, it's a hard matter to please them.

Pha. Especially where the multitude is so wel-headed. But I pray you wher's Master *Memory*? hath hee forgotten himselfe that he is not here.

Com. 'Tis high time he were at Court, I would hee would come.

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 4.

Memory, *an old decrepit man, in a blacke Velure Cassocke, a Taffata Gowne furred with white Grogaram, a white beard, Velure slippers, a Watch, Staffe, &c.*

Anamnestes *his Page in a graue Satten suit purple, Buskins, a Garland of Bayes and Rosemary, a gimmal ring with one link hanging, Ribands and Threads tyed to some of his fingers in his hand a paire of Table-bookes, &c.*

Memory, Anamnestes, Phantastes, Communis Sensus.

Mem. How soone a wise man shall haue his wish.

Comm. Sir *Memory* the season of your comming is very ripe.

Ph. Had you staid a little longer 'twould haue beene starke rotten.

Mem. I am glad I sau'd it from the Swine.—'Sprecious I haue forgot somthing, O my purse, why *Anamnestes*, Remembrance where art thou? *Anamnestes*, Remember that vile Boy is alwayes gadding, I remember he was at my heeles euen now, & now the vile Rascall is vanish'd.

Phan. Is he not here, why then in my imagination he's left behind, O lo! *Anamnestes*, Remembrance.

Anam. (*Running in hast*) Anon anon sir, anon anon sir, anon anon sir, anon anon sir. *Mem.* Ha sirra, what a brawling's here?

Ana. I do but giue you an answere with anon Sir.

Mem. If an answere sweetely, I haue cal'd you three or foure times, one after another.

Ana. Sir, I hope I answered you three or foure times, one in the neck of another. But if your good worship haue lent me any more cals, tell me, and Ile repay them as I am a Gentleman.

Mem. I cause your tattle had you come at first, I had not spent so much breath in vaine.

Ana. The truth is Sir, the first time you called, I heard you not, the second I vnderstood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no, the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I answered so suddenly.

Mem. Go sirra runne, seeke euery where, I haue lost my purse some where.

Ana. I go sir; Goe sirra, seeke, runne, I haue lost, bring, here's a a Dogges life with a poxe. Shal I be alwaies vs'd like a water-spaniel. *Exit Anamnestes.*

Com. S. Come good Master Register, I wonder you be so late now adaies.

Mem. My good Lord, I remember that I knew you Grandfather in this your place, and I remember your Grand-fathers great Grand-fathers Grand-fathers, Fathers, Father, yet in those dayes I neuer remember that any of them could say, that *Register Memory* euer broke one minute of his appointment.

Com. S. Why good Father, why are you so late now adaies?

Mem. Thus 'tis, the most customers I remember my selfe to haue, are (as your Lord-ship knowes) Schollers, and now adaies the most part of them are become Crittickes, bringing me home such paltry things to lay vp for them, that I can hardly find them againe.

Phi. Iupiter, Iupiter, I had thought these flyes had bit none but my selfe, do Crittickes tickle you yfaith?

Mem. Very familiarly, for they must know of me forsooth, how euery idle word is written, in all the musty, moath-eaten *Manuscripts*, keepe in all the old Libraries in euery City betwixt *England* and *Peru* (is requisite.

Com. Indeed I haue noted these times to affect antiquities more then.

Men. I remember in the age *Affaracus* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thebes*, and the siege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the deseruing; but now euery trifle must be wrapt vp in the volume of eternity, A rich Pudding-wife or a Cobler cannot die, but I must immortalize his name with an Epitaph: A dog cannot pisse in a Noble-mans shoe, but it must be sprinckled into the Chronicles, so that I neuer could remember my Treasure more full, and neuer chapter of honourable and true heroycall actions.

Phi. By your leaue *Memory* you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of the, are so phantastike, as when they bring a Captaine to the combat, lifting vp his reuengefull arme to dis-

part the head of his enemy, theile hold vp his armes so long, till they had bestowed three or foure Pages in describing the gold Hilts of his threating Faulchion. So that in my fancy the Reader may well wonder his aduersary stabs him not before hee strikes; Moreouer they become most palpable flatterers, alwayes begging at my gates for inuention.

Com. This is great fault in a Chronologer to turne Parasite, an absolute History should bee in feare of none, neither should hee write any thing more then truth for friend-ship, or lesse for hate, but keepe himselfe equall and constant in all his discourses; but for vs we must be contented, for as our honours encrease, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices vrge vs to waxe heauy.

Pha. But not till our backes breake, S'lud there was neuer any so hanted as I am; This day there comes a Sophister to my house, knocks at my dore, his errand being ask'd, forsooth, his answer was to borrow a faire suite of conceits out of my Wardrop, to apparell a shew he had in hand, and what thinke you is the plot?

Com. S. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with these toies.

Pha. Meane while he's some-what acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your person vpon the stage.

Com. S. What me? I cannot remember that I was euer brought vpon the stage before.

Pha. Yes, you, and you, and my selfe, with all my Phantasticall tricks and humors; but I trow, I haue fitted him with Fooleries, I trust he'le neuer trouble me againe.

Com. S. O times, o'r manners! when Boyes dare to traduce men in authority; was euer such an attempt heard?

Mem. I remember there was. For (to say the truth) at my last being at *Athens* ('tis now, let me see, about 16 or 20. yeares agoe) I was at a Commedy of *Aristophanes* making, (I shall neuer forget it) The Arch-gouernor of *Athens* tooke me by the hand, and placed me, and there I say, I saw *Socrates* abused most grosely, himselfe being then a present spectator; I remember he sate full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

Com. In those daies it was lawfull, but now the abuse of such liberty is vnsufferable.

Pha. Thinke what you will of it, I thinke 'tis done, and I thinke it is acting by this time; harke, harke, what drumming's yonder, I'le lay my life they are come to present the shew I spake off.

Com. S: It may be so; stay, wee'le see what tis.

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 5.

Lingua, Mendacio, Communis Sensus, and the rest.

Ling. Faine thy selfe in great hast.

Mend. I warrant you Madam: I doubt 'tis in vaine to run, by this they are all past ouer-taking.

Com. S. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such hast?

Pha. Yes, yes, stand still. *Men.* I must speake with him.

Com. S. With whom?

Men. Assure your selfe they are all at Court ere this.

Ling. Runne after them, for vnlesse he know it.

Com. Lingua.

Lin. O is't your Lordship? I beseech you pardon me, haste, and feare, I protest, put out my eyes: I look't so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

Ph. In my conceit, that's like the man that enquired who saw his Asse, when himselfe rid on him.

Lin. O my heart beates so, fie, fie, fie, fie.

Men. I am so weary fo, fo, fo, fo.

Com. I prithee *Lingua* make an end.

Lin. Let me begin first I beseech you, but if you will needes haue the end first, thus 'tis. The common-wealth of *Mycrocosme* at this instant, suffers the panges of death, 'tis gasping for breath. VVill you haue all? 'tis poisoned.

Phan. VVhat Pothecary durst bee so bold as make such a confection? ha, what poison is't? *Lin.* A Golden Crowne.

Men. I mistake, or else *Galen* in his booke *De sanitate tuenda*, commends gold as restoratiue. *Com. Lingua* expresse your selfe.

Men. Madam if you want breath let me helpe you out.

Lingua

Lin. I prithee, do.

Men. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercury* comming late into the country, in this very place left a Coronet with this Inscription: *That the best of the five should have it*; which the Senses thinking to belong vnto them—

Lin. Chalenge each other, and are now in armes, as like your Lord-ship. *Com.* Sir I protest it likes not me.

Lin. Their battails are not farre hence, ready ranged.

Com. O monstrous presumption! what shall we do?

Men. My Lord, in your great Grand-fathers time, there was I remember such a breach amongst them, therefore my counsell is, that (for his example) by the strength of your authority you convent them before you.

Com. Lingua go presently, commaund the Senses vpon their alleageance to our dread Soueraigne Queene *Pysche*, to dismisse their companies, and personally to appeare before me without any pretence of excuse.

Lin. I go my Lord.

Ph. But heere you Madam, I pray you let your Pages tongue walk with vs a little, tel you returne again. *Lin.* With all my heart. *Exit Lingua.*

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 6.

Ph. Hot youths I protest, saw you those war-like preparations?

Men. Lately, my Lord, I ride into the Armie,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit,
Or strength of vtterance to describe their forces.

Com. S. Go to, speake what thou canst.

Men. Vpon the right hand of a spatious Hill,
Proud *Visus* marshalleth a puissant Army,
Three thousand Eagles strong, whose valiant Captaine,
Is *Iones* swift Thunder-beater, that fame Bird,
That hoist vp *Ganimede* from the *Troyan* plaines:
The vant-gard strengthned with a wondrous might
Of Faulcons, Haggars, Hobbies, Tersels,
Lanards and Gosshaukes, Spar-haukes, and rauenous Birds.
The re-reward granted to *Auditus* charge
Is stoutly followed with an impetuous heard

Of stiffe-neckt Buls, and many horne-mad Staggs,
Of the best head the Forrest can affoord.
Pha. I promise you a fearefull troupe of Souldiers.
Men. Right opposite stands *Tactus* strongly man'd,
With three thousand brisled Vrchins for his Pikemen;
Foure hundreth Tortoises for Elephants,
Besides a monstrous troupe of vgly Spiders,
Within an Ambushment he hath commanded
Of their owne guts to spin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'haue frain'd a net (O wondrous worke)
That fastned by the concaue of the Moone,
Spreds downe it selfe to th'earths circumference.
Com. Tis very strange, I cannot remember the like Engine at any time.
Men. Nay more my Lord, the maskes are made so strong,
That I my selfe vpon them scal'd the Heauens,
And boldly walk'd about the middle Region,
Where in the Prouince of the Meteors,
I saw the cloudy shops of Haile and Raine,
Garners of Snow, and Christalls full of dew,
Riuers of burning Arrowes, Dens of Dragons,
Huge beames of flames, and Speares like Fire-brands,
Where I beheld hot *Mars* and *Mercury*,
With Rackets made of Speares, and Balls of Starres,
Playing at Tennis for a Tunne of Nectar:
And that vast gaping of the Firmament
Vnder the Southerne-pole, is nothing else
But the great hazzard of their Tennis Court:
The Zodiacke is the line. The shooting starres,
Which in an eye-bright euening seem'd to fall,
Are nothing but the Bals they loose at Bandy.
Thus hauing tooke my pleasure with those sights,
By the same net I went vp I descended.
Com. S. Well sirra to what purpose tends this stratagem?
Men. None know directly, but I thinke it is,
T'intrap the Eagles, when the Battails ioyne.
Pha. Who takes *Tactus* his part?
Men. Vnder the standard of thrice hardy *Tactus*,
Thrice valiant *Gustus* leades his warlike Forces,

An endleſſe multitude of deſperate Apes,
Fiue hundred Marmoſets, and long tail'd Monkies,
All trained to the field, and nimble Gunners.

Pha. Immagine ther's old mooting amongſt them, me-thinks a handfull of nuts would turne them all out of their ſouldiers coats.

Men. Ramparts of Paſty-cruſt and forts of Pies,
Entrench'd with diſhes full of Cuſtard-ſtuffe,
Hath *Guſtus* made; and planted Ordinance,
Strange ordinance, Canons of hollow Canes
Whoſe powder's Rape-ſeede, charged with Turnip-ſhot.

Men. I remember in the Country of *Vtopia*, they vſe no other kind of Artillery. *Com. S.* But what's become of *Olfactus*?

Men. He pollitickely leanes to neither part,
But ſtands betwixt the Camps as at recite,
Hauing great wine his pioners to entrench them.

Pha. In my fooliſh imagination *Olfactus* is very like the Goddeſſe of victory, that neuer takes any part but the Conquerors.

Men. And in the woods he placed ſecretly,
Two hundred couple of Hounds and hungry Maſtiffes:
And ore his head, houer at his command,
A cloud of Vultures, which o'reſpred the light,
Making a night before the day be done.
But to what end not knowne but fear'd of all.

Pha. I coniecture hee intends to ſee them fight, and after the battell to feed his Dogs, Hogs, and Vultures vpon the murdered carcaſes.

Men. My Lord, I think the fury of their anger will not be obedient to the meſſage of *Lingua*, for otherwiſe in my conceit they ſhould haue beene here ere this: with your L. good liking wee'le attend vpon you to ſee the field for more certainty. It ſhall be ſo; Come Maſter *Regiſter* let's walke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus. 3. Scoena. 1.

Anamneſtes, with a Purſe in his hand.

An. Forſooth, *Obliuio* ſhut the dore vpon me, I could come no ſooner, ha? is hee not here? O excellent, Would I were hang'd but I lookt for a ſound rap on the pate, and that made me

before hand to lift vp this excuse for a Buckler, I know he is not at Court, for here is his Purse, without which warrant ther's no comming thither, wherefore now *Anamnestes* sport thy selfe a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shal I do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. *Pluto* send there be Iewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones.—— The best sure lies in the bottome—pox on't here's nothing but a company of worme-eaten papers, what's this? *Memorandum* that Master *Prodigo* owes mee foure thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawne for it. *Memorandum* that I owe; that he owes, 'tis well the old slaue hath some care of his credit, to whom owes he trow? that I owe *Anamnestes* what mee? I neuer lent him any thing; ha this is good, there's something comming to me more then I look'd for. Come on, what is't, *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamnestes*—a breeching, I faith Sir, I will ease you of that payment. (*He rends the Bill*) *Memorandum* that when I was a child: *Robusto* tript vp my heeles at foote-ball: What a couragefull dizard's this?

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 2.

Mendacio, *with Cushions vnder his armes, trips vp* Anam. *heeles.*

Mendacio, Anamnestes.

An. How now.

Men. Nothing but lay you vpon a Cushion sir, how so?

An. Nothing but lay the Cushion vpon you sir? (thee.

Men. What my little *Nam*? by this foot I am sorry I mistook

An. What my little *Men*? by this hand it grieues mee I tooke thee so right. But sir, a whither with these Cushions?

Men. To lay them here that the Iudges may sit softly, least my Lady *Lingua's* cause goe hard with her.

An. They should haue bin wrought with gold, these will doe nothing; But what makes thy Lady with the Iudges?

Men. Pish, know'st not she sueth for the Title of a Sense, as well as the rest that beare the name of the *Pentarchy*?

An. Will *Common-Sense* and my Master, leaue their affaires to determine that controuersie? *Men.* Then thou hear'st nothing.

An. What should I heare?

Men. All the Senses fell out about a Crowne falne from hea-

uen

uen and pleder a field for it, but Vice-gerent *Common-sense* hearing of it tooke vpon him to vmpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their armes dismissed) to appeare before him, charging euery one to bring, as it were in a shew, their propper obiects, that by them he may determine of their seuerall excellencies.

An. When is all this? *Men.* As soone as they can possible prouide.

An. But can he tell which deserues best by their obiects?

Men. No not only, for euery Sense must describe his Instrument, that is his house where he performes his dayly duty, so that by the obiect & the instrument, my Lord can with great ease discerne their place and dignities. *An.* His Lordship is very wise.

Men. Thou shalt heare all anon, fine Master *Phantastes*, and thy Master will be here shortly. But how is't my little Rogue? methinks thou look'st leane vpon't.

An. Mas how should I do otherwise, that lie all night with such a rawbond *Skelton* as *Memory*, and runne all day on his Errands. The Chuff's growne so old and forgetfull, that euery houre hee's calling *Anamnestes*, remembrance, where art *Anamnestes*? Then presently some thing's lost, poore I must runne for it, and these words, runne Boy, Come sirra, quicke, quicke, quicke, are as familiar with him as the Cough neuer out on's mouth.

Men. Alacke alacke poore Rogue, I see my fortunes are better, my Lady loues me exceedingly, she is alwayes kissing me, so that (I tell thee *Nan*) *Mendacio*'s neuer from betwixt her lippes.

An. Nor out of *Memories* mouth, but in a worse sort, alwayes exercising my stumps, and which is more when hee fauours best, then I am in the worst taking. *Men.* How so.

An. Thus, when we are friends, then must I come & be dandled vpon his palsie-quaking knees, & he'le tell me a long story of his acquaintance with King *Priamus*, & his familiarity with *Nestor*, & how he plaid at blow-point with *Iupiter* when he was in his side coats, and how he went to look Bird-nests with *Tibous*, & where he was at *Deucalions* flood, and twenty such old wiues tales.

Men. I wonder he being so old can talke so much.

An. Nature thou know'st, (knowing what an vnruly Engine the tongue is) hath fee'd teeth round about for watchmen. Now sir, my Masters old age hath cought out all my teeth, and that's the

ause it comes so much at liberty. *Men.* Philosophicall?

An. Oh, there's one thing stings me to the very heart, to see an vgly, foule, idle, fat, dusty, clog-head, called *Obliuio*, preferred before me, dost know him?

Men. Who I, I? But care not for his acquaintance, hang him blocke-head, I could neuer abide him. Thou Remẽbrance art the only friend that the armes of my friendship shall imbrace. Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of *Obliuio*?

An. The very naming of him hath made me forget my self, O, O, O, O, that Rascal is so made of euery where. *Men.* Who *Obliuio*?

An. I, for our Courtiers hug him continually in their vngratefull bosomes, & your smoth-belly, fat-back, barrel-paucht, tun-gutted drones are neuer without him, as for *Memory* he's a false-hearted fellow, he alwaies deceiues them, they respect not him, except it be to play a game at *Chests, Primero, Saunt, Mam*, or such like.

Men. I cannot thinke such fellowes haue to doe with *Obliuio* since they neuer got any thing to forget.

An. Againe, these prodigall Swaggerers that are so much bound to their Creditors, if they haue but one Crosse about them, thei'le spend it in wine vpon *Obliuio*. *Men.* To what purpose I prithee?

An. Only in hope hee'le wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

Men. Why then no man cares for thee.

An. Yes, a company of studious paper-wormes, & leane schollers, & niggardly scraping Vsurers, & a troupe of heart-eating enuious persons, & those canker stomackt spitefull creatures, that furnish vp common place-books with other mens faults. The time hath bin in those golden daies when *Saturne* raigned, that if a man receiued a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in mind of it, but now in these Iron-after-noones, saue your friends life, and *Obliuio* will be more familiar with him then you.

ACTVS, 3. SCENA. 3.

Heuresis, Mendacio, Anamnestes.

Heu. Phantastes not at Court? is't possible? tis the strangest accident that euer was heard of, I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would neuer lye without him.

An. Hist, hist, *Mendacio*, I prithee obserue *Heuresis*, it seemes he cannot find his Master, that's able to find out all things, and art thou

thou now at a fault, canst not find out thine owne Maister? nor? --- I'le try one more. O yes. *M.* What a proclamation for him?

An. I, I, his nimble head is alwaies full of proclamations.

Heu. O yes. *Men.* But doth he cry in the Wood?

Ana. O good sir, and good reason, for euery beast hath *Phantasie* at his pleasure.

Heu. O yes, if any man can tell any tidings, of a spruce, neate, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humerous, conceited, phantasticke gallant, with hollow eies, sharpe looke, swart complexion, meager face; wearing as many toies in his apparell as fooleries in his looke and gesture, let him come forth and certifie me thereof, and he shall haue for his reward ----

An. I can tell you where he is, what shall he haue?

Heur. A box o'the eare sirra, (*snappe*)

Anam. How now Inuention, are you so quicke fingred? i'faith there's your principall sirra, (*snappe*) and here's the interest ready in my hand (*snappe*) *They fall together by the eares.* Yea, haue you found out scratching? now I remember me.

Heur. Do you bite you Rascall.

Men. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the liuely picture of this Axiome, *A quicke Inuention, and a good Memory can neuer agree*: Fie, fie, fie, *Heuresis*, beate him when he's downe?

Ana. Prethee lets alone proud Iacke-an-apes, I'le----

Heu. What will you do?

Ana. Vntrusse thy points and whip thee, thou paltry---- Let me go *Mendacio* if thou loust me, shall I put vp the----

Men. Come, come, come, come, you shall fight no more in good faith: *Heuresis*, your Maister will catch you anon.

Heu. My Maister, where is he?

Men. I'le bring you to him, come away.

Heur. *Anamnestes*, I scorne that thou shouldst thinke I go away for feare of any thing thou canst do vnto me; here's my hand assoone as thou canst picke the least occasion, put vp thy finger, I am for thee. *Exit Mendacio and Heuresis.*

An. VVhen thou dar'st *Heuresis*, when thou darst, I'le be as ready as thy selfe at any time.

This *Heuresis*, this Inuention, is the proudest Iack-an-apes, the peartest selfe-conceited Boy that euer breath'd; because, forsooth

 some

some odde Poet, or some such phantasticke fellowes, make much on him, there's no bo with him, the vile dandi-prat will o're-looke the proudest of his acquaintance; But well I remember me, I learn't a tricke t'other day to bring a Boy o're the Thigh finely, if he come i'faith I'le tickle him with it.

Mendacio comes running backe in great haste.

Mem. As I am a Rascall *Mem* they are all comming, I see master Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feete will carry vp his foure ages.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 4.

Memoria, Anamnestes.

Mem. Ah you leaden hee'ld Rascall. (you make?

An. Here 'tis Sir, I haue it, I haue it. *Mem.* Is this all the hast

An. An't like your Worship, your clog-head *Oblivio* went before me, and foil'd the traile of your footsteps, that I could hardly vndertake the quest of your purse, forsooth.

Mem. You might haue bin here long ere this: Come hither sirra, come hither; what must you goe round about? goodly, goodly, you are so full of circumstances.

An. In truth Sir, I was heere before, and missing you went back into the City, sought you in euery Ale-house, Inne, Taueme, Dicing-house, Tennis-court, Stewes, and such like places, likely to finde your Worship in.

Mem. Ha villaine, am I man likely to be found in such places? ha?

An. No, no, sir; sir but I was told by my Lady *Lingua*'s page, that your Worship was seeking mee, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would aske for me, and it please your Worship.

Mem. I remember another quarrell sirra; but wel, well, I haue no leasure.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 5.

Communis Sensus, Lingua, Phantasies, Memory Anamnestes.

Com. S. Lingua the Senses by our apointment aron are to present their obiects before vs; seeing therefore they be not in readinesse, we license you in the meane while, either in your owne person, or by your Aduocate, to speake what you can for your selfe.

Lin. My Lord, If I should bring before your Honour all my friends

friends ready to importune you in my behalfe, I should haue so many Retoricians, Logitians, Lawyers; and, which is more, so many Women to attend me, that this Groue would hardly containe the Company; wherefore, to auoid the tediousnesse, I wil lay the whole cause vpon the tip of mine owne tongue.

Com.S. Be as briefe as the necessity of our short time requires.

Ling. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sexe, might draw me backe from this Tribunall, with the *habenis*, to wit, *Timoris*, and the *Catenis Pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairely led on with the gracious ἐπιείκεια of your *iustissime* δικαιοσύνης Especially so *aspremente spurd' congli spronidi necessita miapungente*, I wil without the helpe of Orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *Volutabilitati* τῶς γυναικείων λόγων, Which (*auec vostre bonne playseur*) I wil finish with more then *Loconicâ breuitate*.

Co.S. What's this? here's a Gallemaufry of speech indeed.

Mem. I remember about the yeere 1602. many vsed this skew kind of language: Which, in my opinion, is not much vnlike the man *Platony* the sonne of *Lagus* King of *Ægypt*, brought for a spectacle, halfe white, halfe blacke.

Com. I am perswaded these same language-makers haue the very quallity of cold in their wit, that freezeth all *Heterogeneall* Languages together, congealing *English* Tyn, *Grecian* gold, *Roman* Lattin all in a Lumpe.

Phu. Or rather, in my imaginaton, like your phantasticall Guls apparell, wearing a *Spanish* Felt, a *French* Doublet, a *Granado* Stoking, a *Duch* Slop, an *Italian* Cloake, with a *Welch* Frise Ierkin.

Com. S. Well, leaue your toying, we cannot plucke the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a more formall manner, you know an ingenious Oration must neither swell aboue the Bankes, with insolent words; nor creepe too shallow in the ford, with vulgar termes; but run equally, smooth, and cheerefull through the cleane current of a pure stile.

Lin. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirme my worth to be equall, or beeter then the Senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the deft file of time; whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this meanes re-edifying such Excellencies, as time & age do easily de populate.

Com.S.

Com. S. But what profitable ſeruice do you vndertake for our dread Queene *Pyſche*?

Ling. O! how I am rauiſht to thinke how infinitely ſhee hath graced me with her moſt acceptable ſacriſice. But aboue al (which you M. Regiſter will remember) when her Highneſſe taking my mouth for her inſtrument, with the Bow of my tongue, ſtrooke ſo heauenly touch vpon my teeth, that ſhe charmed the very Tigers aſleepe, thy lyſtning Beares and Lyons, to couch at her feee, while the Hils leaped, and the Woods danced, to the ſweete harmony of her moſt Angelicall accents.

Mem. I remember it very well, *Orpheus* played vpon the Harpe while ſhe ſang, about ſome 4. yeares after the contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the excoriation of *Marſyas*.

An. By the ſame token the Riuer *Alpheus*, at that time purſuing his beloued *Arethuſa*, diſchanel'd himſelfe of his former courſe to be partaker of their admirable conſort, and the muſick being ended, thruſt himſelfe headlong into the earth, the next way to follow his amarous chaſe; if you goe to *Arcadia* you ſhall ſee his comming vp againe.

Com. S. Forward *Lingua* with your reaſon.

Lin. How oft hath her Excellency imployed me as Embaſſador in her moſt vrgent affaires to forraigne Kings and Emperors, I may ſay to the Gods themſelues? How many bloudleſſe battels haue my perſwaſions attained, when the Senſes forces haue been vanquiſhed? How many Rebels haue I reclaimed, when her ſacred authority was little regarded? Her Lawes (without exprobration be it ſpoken) had bin altogether vnpubliſhed, her will vnperformed, her illuſtrious deeds vnrenowned, had not the ſiluer ſound of my Trumpet filled the whole circuit of the Vniuerſe with her deſerued fame? Her Cities would diſſolue, Traffike would decay, friendſhips be broken, were not my ſpeech the knot, *Mercury* and *Maſtike*, to blind, defend, & glew them together. What ſhall I ſay more? I can neuer ſpeake enough of the vnſpeakeable praiſe of ſpeech, wherin I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the moſt exquiſite power and excellency of ſpeech, cannot ſufficiently expreſſe the exquiſite power and excellency of ſpeaking.

Com. S. Lingua your ſeruice and dignity we confeſſe to be greate: neuertheles theſe reaſons proue you not to haue the nature of ſenſe.

Ling.

Lin. By your Lordships fauour, I can soone proue that a Sense is a faculty by which our Queene sitting in her priuy Chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents, that I am of this nature I proue thus. *The obiect which I challenge is—Enter* Appe. *in hast.*

Ap. Stay, stay my Lord, deferre I beseech, deferre the iudgement

Com. S. Who's this that boldly interrupts us thus? hum.

Ap. My name is *Appetitus*, common seruant to the Pentarchy of the Senses, who vnderstanding that your Honour was handling this action of *Linguas*, sent me hither thus hastily, most humbly requesting the Bench to consider these Articles they alledge against her, before you proceed to iudgement.

Com. S. Huh, here's good stuffe, M. Register read them: *Appetitus* you may depart and bid your Mistres make conuenient speed.

Ap. At your Lordships pleasure. *Exit Appetitus.*

Men. I remember that I forgot my spectacles, I left them in the 349. page of *Halls* Chronicle, where hee tells a great wonder of a multitude of Mise which had almost destroyed the Country, but that there resorted a great mighty flight of Owles that destroyed them; *Anamnestes* read these Articles distinctly.

1. Article. *Ana. Inprimis*, We accuse *Lingua* of high treason and sacriledge, against the most Honourable Common-wealth of Letters, for vnder the pretence of profiting the people with Translations, she hath most vilely prostituted the hard mysteries of vnknowne Languages to the prophane eares of the vulgar.

Phan. This is as much as to make a new hell in the vpper world, for in hell they say *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler, and now by these Translations euery Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander*, as he that wrote his life.

2. Art. *Ana. Item*, that she hath wrongfully imprisoned a Lady called *Veritas.*

3. Art. *Item*, that she's a Witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcismes.

4. Art. *Item*, that she's a common Whore, and lets euery one lye with her.

5. Art. *Item*, that she railes on men in authority, deprauing their Honours with bitter Iests and taunts, and that she's a backbyter, setting strife betwixt bosome friends.

6. Art. *Item*, that she lends wiues weapons to fight against their husbands.

7. Art. *Item* that she maintaines a traine of prating petty-foggers prouling-Sumners, smoth-tongu'd Bawdes, Artlesse Empericks, hungry Parasites, Newes-carriers, Ianglers, and such like idle companions, that delude the Comminalty.

8. Art. *Item*, that she made Rethorike wanton, Logick to babble, Astronomy to lie. 9. Art. *Item*, that she is an incontinent Tel-tale.

10. Art. *Item* (which is the last and worst) that she's a Woman in euery respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these Articles bee true wee pawne our Honours, and subscribe our names. 1. *Visus*. 4. *Olfactus*.

3. *Gustus*. 2. *Auditus*. 5. *Tactus*.

Com. S. Lingua, these be shrewd allegations, and, as I thinke, vnanswerable, I will deferre the iudgement of your cause till I haue finished the contention of the Senses.

Ling. Your Lordship must be obeyed, but as for them most vngratefull and perfidious wretches.

Com. S. Good words become you better, you may depart if you will, till we send for you. *Anamnestes* run, remember *Visus*, 'tis time he were ready.

Ana. I goe (*Exit* Anam *& redit*) he staies here, expecting your Lordships pleasure.

ACTVS 3. SCENA 6.

A Page carrying a Scutchion argent, charged with an Eagle displaied proper then Visus, *with a Fan of Peacocks feathers, next* Lumen *with a Crowne of Bayes, and a Shield with a bright Sun in it apparelled in Tyssue, then a Page bearing a Shield before* Cœlum *clad in Azure Taffata, dimpled with Stars, a Crowne of Stars on his head, and a Scarffe resembling the Zodiacke ouerthart the shoulders; next a Page clad in greene with a terrestriall Globe before* Terra, *in a greene veluet Gowne, stuck with branches, & flowers, a Crowne of Turrets vpon her head, in her hand a key; then a* Herauld, *leading in his hand* Colour, *clad in changeable Silke, with a Raine-bow out of a Cloud on her head, last a* Boy: Visus *marshalleth his shew about the Stage, & presents it before the Bench.*

Visus, Lumen, Cœlum, Phantastes, Communis, Sensus, Memory.

Vis. Lo here the obiect that delights the sight,

The

The goodliest obiects that mans heire can wish,
For all things that the Orbe first moueable,
Wrapt in the circuit of his large stretcht armes,
Are subiect to the powet of *Visus* eyes,
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words that speakes next following.
Lu. *Light*, the faire grand-child to the glorious Sun,
Opening the casements of the Rosie Morne,
Makes the abashed heauens soone to shunne,
The vgly darknesse it embrac't before,
And at his first appearance puts to flight,
The vtmost Reliques of the hel-borne night.
This heauenly sheild soone as it is displaid,
Dismayes the vices, that abhorre the light:
To wanderers by Sea and Land giue aid,
Conquers display, re-comforteth affright,
Rouseth dull Idlenesse, and starts soft sleepe,
And all the world to daily labour keepes.
This a true looking-glasse impartiall,
Where Beauties selfe, her selfe doth beautifie,
With native hue, not artificiall,
Discouering falshood, opening verity.
The daies bright eye, colours distinction,
Iust Iudge of measure and proportion.
The onely meanes by which each mortall eye,
Send messengers to the wide Firmament,
That to the longing soule brings presently
High contemplation and deepe wonderment.
By which aspirement she her wings displaies,
And her selfe thither whence she came vprais'd,

Pha. What blue thing's that, that's dappled so with Starres?

Vis. He represents the Heauen.

Pha. In my conceit it were pretty, if hee thundred when hee speakes. *Vis.* Then none could vnderstand him.

Cæl. Torpicke colours the Equinoctiall,
The Zodiacke poles, and line Ecliptickall,
The Nadar, Zenith, and Anomalies,
The Azimuth and Ephimerides,

Stars, Orbes, and Planets, with their motions,
The orientall Regradations,
Excentricks, Epicyctes, and — and — and —

Pha. How now *Visus*, is your Heauen at a stay?
Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer?
I pray you *Memory* set him agate againe.

Mem. I remember when *Iupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold, & lay with his wife *Alomena*, *Cœlum* was in this taking for three dayes space, and stood still iust like him at a *non plus*.

Com. S. Leaue your iesting, you'le put the fresh Actor out of countenance. *Cœl.* Excentricks, Epicyctes, and Aspects,
In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth; also the oblique part
Of signes, that make the day both long and short,
The Constellations rising Cosmicall,
Setting of Stars, Chronicle, and Heliacall,
In the Orizon or Meridionall.
And all the skill in deepe Astronomy,
Is to the soule deriued by the eye.

Ph. Visus you haue made *Cœlum* a heauenly speech, past earthly capacity, it had bin as good for him he had thundred. But I pray you who taught him to speake & vse no action? me thinkes it had bin excellent to haue turn'd round about in his speech. (withall.

Vis. He hath so many motions he knowes not which to beginne

Pha. Nay rather it seemes he's of *Copernicus* opinion, and that makes him stand still. *Terra comes to the midst of the Stage, stands still awhile, saith nothing, and steps backe.*

Com. S. Lets heare what *Terra* can say, — iust nothing.

Vis. And it like your Lordship, 'twere an *indecorum Terra* should speake.

Mem. You are deceiu'd, for I remeber whe *Phaeton* rul'd the Sun, I shall neuer forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the Earth opened her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to *Iupiter*.

Ana. By the same token *Nylus* hid his head then, he could neuer find it since.

Pha. You know *Memory* that was an extreme hot day, and 'tis likely *Terra* sweet much, and so tooke cold presently after, that euer since she had lost her voyce.

He-

Herauld. A *Canton Ermines* added to the field, is a ſure ſigne the man that bore theſe Armes, was to his Prince as a defenſiue ſhield, ſauing him from the force of preſent Armes.

Phan. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Herauld, many a Centaure, Chimera, Barnacle, Crocadile, Hippotame and ſuch like toies, hath he ſtolne out of the ſhop of my Inuention, to ſhape new coates for his vpſtart Gentlemen. Either *Affrica* muſt breed more monſters, or you make fewer Gentlemen, Maiſter *Herauld*, for you haue ſpent all my deuiſes already. But ſince you are here, let me aske you a queſtion in your owne profeſſion: How comes it to paſſe that the victorious Armes of *England* quarted with the conquered Coate of *France*, are not placed on the dexter ſide, but giue the Flower-deluce the better hand?

Her. Becauſe that the three Lyons are one coate made of two French Duke-dome, *Normandy*, and *Aquataine*; but I pray you *Viſus* what Iaye is that that followes him?

Viſ. 'Tis *Color* an obiect of mine, ſubiect to his commandement.

Pha. Why ſpeakes he not?

Viſ. He is ſo baſhfull, he dares not ſpeake for bluſhing.
What thing is that? tell me without delay.

A Boy. That's nothing of it ſelfe, yet euery way
As like a Man, as a thing: like my Bee,
And yet ſo vnlike as cleane contrary,
For in one point it euery way doth miſſe,
The right ſide of it a mans left ſide is,
'Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall
It fils no place, nor roome it is ſo ſmall.

Com. S. How now *Viſus* haue you brought a boy with a riddle to poſe vs all.

Pha. Poſe vs all? and I here; that were a ieſt indeed; my Lord, if he haue a *Sphinx*, I haue an *Oedipus* aſſure your ſelfe, let's heare it once againe.

Boy. What thing is that Sir.

Pha. This ſuch a knotty *Enigm*? why my Lord, I thinke it's a woman, for firſt a woman is nothing of her-ſelfe, and againe ſhe is likeſt a man of any thing. *Com. S.* But wherein is ſhe vnlike?

Pha. In euery thing, in pecuiſhneſſe, in folly.------ſt Boy.

Hen. In pride, deceite, prating, lying, cogging, coynes, ſpite, hate Sir.

Pha. And in many moe ſuch vices: Now he may well ſay, the left ſide a mans right ſide is, for a croſſe wife is alwayes contrary to her husband, euer contradicting what he wiſheth for, like to the verſe in *Martiall Velle tuum.*

Mem. Velle tuum nolo, Diuine *nolle volo.*

Pha. Lighter then a feather, doth any man make queſtion of that?

Mem. They need not, for I remember I ſaw a Cardinall weigh them once, and the woman was found three graines lighter.

Com. S. 'Tis ſtrange, for I haue ſeene Gentlewomen weare feathers oftentimes, can they carry heauier things then themſelues?

Mem. O ſir, I remember, 'tis their onely delight to do ſo.

Com. S. But how apply you the laſt verſe, it ſits no place Sir?

Phan. By my faith, that ſpoiles all the former, for theſe Fardingals take vp all the roome now a daies, 'tis not a woman queſtionleſſe: Shall I be put downe with a Riddle? ſirrah *Heureſis* ſearch the corners of your conceite, and find it me quickly. (glaſſe.

Heur. Hay ἐυρηκα, ἐυρηκα. I haue it, 'tis a mans face in a looking-

Ph. My Lord, 'tis ſo indeed, ſirrah let's ſee it, for do you ſee my right eye here? *Com. S.* What of your eye.

Pha. O Lord ſir, this kind of frowne is excellent, eſpecially when 'tis ſweetned with ſuch a pleaſing ſmile. *Com. S. Phantaſtes?*

Pha. O ſir, my left eie is my right in the glaſſe, do you ſee? by theſe lips my Garters hang ſo neately, my Gloues and Shooes become my hands and feete ſo well: *Heureſis* tie my ſhooes ſtrings with a new knot; —— this point was ſcarce well truſt, ——ſo, 'tis excellent,—— Looking-glaſſes were a paſſing inuention, I proteſt the fitteſt bookes for Ladies to ſtudy on——

Mem. Take heed you fall not in loue with your ſelfe *Phantaſtes*, as I remember: *Anamneſtes*, who waſt that died of the looking-diſeaſe?

Ana. Forſooth *Narciſſus*, by the ſame token he was turned to a Daffadill: And as he died for loue of himſelfe, ſo (if you remember) there was an old ill-fauoured, pretious-noſed, babber-lipt, beetle-browed, bleere-ei'd, ſlouch-ear'd-ſlaue that looking himſelfe by chance in a glaſſe, died for pure hate.

Pha. By the lip of my—— I could liue and die with this face.

Com. S. Fie, fie, *Phantaſtes*, ſo effeminate for ſhame leaue off. *Viſus* your obiects I muſt needes ſay are admirable, if the houſe inſtrument be anſwerable, let's here therefore in briefe your deſcription.—

Viſ. Vnder the fore-head of Mount *Cephalon.*

That

That ouer-peeres the coast of *Microcosme*,
All in the shadow of two pleasant Groues,
Stand my two Mansion-houses, both as round
As the cleere heauens, both twins as like each other
As Starre to Starre, which by the vulgar sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are nam'd the brightest eies of Mount *Cephalon*:
With foure faire roomes those lodgings are contriu'd.
Foure goodly roomes in forme most Spherical,
Closing each other like the heauenly Orbes:
The first whereof, of Natures substance wrought
As a strange Moate the other to defend,
Is trained moueable by Art Diuine
Stirring the whole compacture of the rest:
The second chamber is most curiously
Composed of burnished, and transparant horne.

Phan. That's a matter of nothing, I haue knowne many haue such bed-chambers.

Mem. It may be so, for I remember being once in the Townes Library, I read a such thing in their great book of Monuments called *Cornu-copia*, or rather their *Copia-Cornu*.

Vol. The third's a lesser roome, of purest glasse,
The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former,
In worth of matter, built most sumptuously:
With wals trasparant of pure Christaline.
This the soules mirrours, and the bodies guide,
Loues Cabinet bright Beacons of the Realme,
Casements of light, quiuer of Cupids shafts,
Wherein I sit and immediately receiue,
The species of things corporeall,
Keeping continuall watch and centinell
Least forreigne hurt inuade our *Microcosme*,
And warning giue, (if pleasant things approach)
To entertaine them; from this coastly roome
Leadeth, my Lord, an entry to your house,
Through which I hourely to your selfe conuey
Matters of wisdome by experience bred:
Arts first inuention, pleasant vision,

{Deepe

Deepe contemplations that attires the ſoule
In gorgeous robes of flowing literature,
Then if that *Viſus* hath deſerued beſt,
Let his victorious Brow, with Crowne be bleſt.

Com. S. Anamneſtes ſee who's to come next.

Ana. Preſently my Lord.

Pha. Viſus, I wonder that amongſt all your obiects, you preſented vs not with *Platoes Idea*, or the ſight of *Ninive*, *Babylon*, *London*, or ſome Stur-bridge-faire-monſters, they would haue done paſſing well, thoſe motions, in my immagination, are very delightfull.

Viſ. I was loath to trouble your Honours with ſuch toies, neither could I prouide them in ſo ſhort a time.

Com. S. We will conſider your worth, meane while we diſmiſſe you. *Viſus leads his ſtorm about the Stage, and ſo goeth out with it.*

ACT V. S. 3. SCENA *vltima.*

Aditus. *&c.*

Aud. Harke, harke, harke, harke; peace, peace, O peace, O ſweet, admirable, Swan-like, heauenly; harke, O moſt melliſluous ſtraine, O what a pleaſant cloaſe was there, O full, moſt delicate,

Com. S. How now *Phantaſtes*, is *Auditus* mad? (crotchets.

Pha. Let him alone, his muſicall head is alwayes full of odde

Aud. Did you marke the dainty driuing of the laſt point? an excellent maintaining of the ſong, by the choiſe timpan of mine eare, I neuer heard a better, hiſt, ſt, ſt, harke, why there's a cadence able to rauiſh the dulleſt Stoicke.

Com. S. I know not what to thinke on him.

Aud. There, how ſweetely the plaine-ſong was diſſolued into deſcant? and how eaſily they came off with the laſt reſt? harke, harke, the bitter-ſweeteſt Achromaticke. *Com. S. Auditus.*

Aud. Thankes good *Apollo* for this timely grace, neuer could'ſt thou in fitter: O more then muſicall harmony! O moſt admirable conſort! haue you no eares? do you not heare this Muſicke?

Pha. It may be good, but in my opinion, they reſt too long in the beginning.

Aud. Are you then deafe? doe you not yet perceiue the wondrous ſound, the heauenly Orbes, do make with them continuall motion? harke, O hony ſweete. *Com. S.* What tune do they play?

Aud.

Aud. Why such a tune as neuer was, nor euer shall be heard, marke now, now marke, now, now. *Pha.* Liſt, liſt, liſt.

Aud. Hearke, O ſweete, ſweete, ſweete.

Phan. Liſt, now my heart enuies my happy eares; liſht, by the gold ſtrung Harpe of *Apollo*, I heare the celeſtiall muſicke of the Spheres, as plainely as euer *Pythagoras* did. O moſt excellent diapaſon! good, good, good. It plaies fortune my foe, as diſtinctly as may be.

Com. S. As the foole thinketh, ſo the bell clinketh; I proteſt I heare no more then a Poſt.

Pha. What, the Lauata hay? nay if the Heauens fiddle, *Phanſy* muſt needs dance.

Com. S. Prithee ſit ſtill, thou muſt dance nothing but the paſſing meaſures, *Memory* do you heare this harmony of the Spheres?

Men. Not now my Lord, but I remember about ſome 4000. yeeres agoe, when the ſky was firſt made we heard very perfectly.

An. By the ſame token the firſt tune the Planets played, I remember *Venus* the treble ranne ſweete diuiſion vpon *Saturne* the baſe, The firſt tune they played was *Salengers* rouud, in memory whereof euer ſince it hath beene called the beginning of the world.

Com. S. How comes it we cannot heare it now?

Men. Our eares are ſo wel acquainted with the ſound, that we neuer marke it. As I remember the *Ægyptian Catadupes* neuer heard the roaring of the fall of *Nylus* becauſe the noiſe is ſo familiar vnto them.

Com. S. Haue you no other obiects to iudge by then theſe *Auditus*?

Aud. This is the rareſt and moſt exquiſite,
Moſt Spherical, Diuine, Angelical,
But ſince your duller eares cannot reforme it,
May it pleaſe your Worſhip to withdraw your ſelfe,
Vnto this neighbouring Groue, there ſhall you ſee
How the ſweet treble of the chirping Birds,
And the ſoft ſtirring of the mooued leaues,
Running delightfull, deſcant to the ſound,
Of the baſe murmuring of the bubling Brooke
Becomes a conſort of good inſtruments.
While twenty babling Ecchoes round about,

Out of the stony concaue of their mouth;
Restore the vanisht musicke of each close,
And fill your eares full with redoubled pleasure.

Com. S. I wil walke with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come M. *Register*, and M. *Phantastes*. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus. 4. Scœna. 1.

Mendacio, Anamnestes, Heuresis.

Men. PRithe *Nam* be perswaded, is't not better goe to a feast, then stay here for a fray?

Ana. A feast? dost thinke *Auditus* wil make the Iudges a feast?

Men. Faith I, why should he carry them to his house else?

Ana. Why sirra to heare a set or two of songs, S'lid his banquets are nothing but fish; all soll, soll, soll. Ile teach thee wit boy, neuer goe me to a Musions house for iunkets, vnlesse thy stomack lies in thine eares; for there is nothing but commending this songs delicate aire, that motects dainty aire; this sonnets sweet aire; that madrigala melting ayre, this disgesse mournefull ayre; this Church ayre; that Chamber ayre, *French* ayre, *English* ayre; *Italian* ayre: why Lad, they be pure Camælions, they feede only vpon the ayre.

Men. Camælions? I'le be swome some of your Fidlers be rather Cammels, for by their good-wils they will neuer leaue eating.

Ana. True, and good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts; but O, yonders the Ape *Heuresis*, let him go I prithee.

Men. Nay good now stay a little, let's see his humour.

Heu. I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintescence of wine will conuert water into wine; why therefore should not the Elixar of gold turne lead into pure gold?

Men. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turn'd Chimicke sirra, it seemes so by his talke?

Heu. But how shall I deuise to blow the fire of Beech-cooles, with a continuall and equall blast? ha? I will haue my bellowes driuen with a wheele, which wheele shall be a selfe-mouer.

Ana. Her's old turning, these Chimicks seeking to turne Lead into Gold, turne away all their owne Siluer.

Heu. And my wheele shall bee Geometrically proportioned into

into 7. or 9. concaue incircled armes, wherein I will put equall poyses, hai, hai, hai, ἕνρηκα, ἕνρηκα, I haue it, I haue it, I haue it.

Men. *Heuresis?*

Heu. But what's best to containe the Quick-siluer? ha?

Ana. Do you remember your promise *Heuresis?*

Heu. It must not be yron, for Quicksiluer is the tyrant of Mertles, and will soone fret it. *Ana.* *Heuresis, Heuresis?*

Heu. Not Brasse nor Copper, nor Mastlin, nor Minerall, ἕνρηκα, ἕνρηκα, I haue it, I haue it, it must be.

An. You haue indeed sirra, and thus much more then you looked for (*snappe.*) *Heuresis and Anamnestes about to fight, but Mendacio pares them.*

Men. You shall not fight; but if you will alwayes disagree, let's haue words and no blowes; *Heuresis*, what reason haue you to fall out with him?

Heu. Because he is alwayes abusing mee, and takes the vpper hand of me euery where.

Ana. And why not sirra? I am thy better in any place.

Heu. Haue I bin the Author of the seuen liberall Sciences, and consequently of all learning? Haue I bin the Patron of all Mechanicall deuises to be thy inferiour? I tell thee *Anamnestes*, thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

Ana. Good, good, but what had your inuention bin but for my remembrance; I can proue, that thou belly-sprung inuention, art the most improfitable member in the world, for euer since thou wert borne, thou hast bin a bloudy murtherer, and thus I proue it. In the quiet yeeres of *Saturne* (I remember *Iupiter* was then but in his swathbands) thou rentest the bowels of the earth & broghts gold to light, whose beauty (like *Hellen*) set al the world by the eares; then vpon that thou foundest out Iron, and puttest weapons in their hands; and now in the last populous age, thou taug'st a scab-shin Frier, the hellesh inuentiō of powder & Guns.

Heu. Cal'st it hellish? thou liest, it is the admirablest iuuention of all others; for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature her selfe.

Men. True, for a Canon will kill as many at one shot, as Thunder doth commonly at a venty.

An. Therefore more murthering art thou then the Ligh-bolt.

Heu. But to shew the strength of my conceite, I haue found

out a meanes to withstand the stroke of the most violent culuering: *Mendacio* thou sawest it when I demonstrated inuention.

An. What? some Wool-packes? or Mud-walls? or such like?

Heu. Mendacio I prithe tell it him, for I loue not to be a Trumpetter of mine owne praises.

Men. I must needs confesse this deuise to passe all that euer I heard or saw, and thus it was: First he takes a Faulcon and charges it without all deceits, with dry powder well camphred, then did hee put in a single Bullet, and a great quantity of dropshop both round and lachrimall: this done he sets me a Boy 60. paces off, just point blanke ouer against the mouth of the Peece, now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, vpon which he hangs me in a cord, a Sidi-rite of Herculean stone.

Ana. Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in *Ida*, in the yeare of the world——by one *Magnes*, whose name it retaines, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

Men. When he had hang'd this Adamant in a cord, hee comes back, and giues fire to the tutch-hole, now the powder consumed to a void vacuums.

Heu. Which is intollerable in nature, for first shall the whole Machin of the world, heauen, earth, sea, and aire, returne to the mishapen house of Chaos, then the least vacuum be found in the Vniuerse.

Men. The Bullet and drop-shop most impetuously from the fiery throat of the Culuering, (but O strange) no sooner came they neere the Adamant in the cord, but they were all arrested by the Seriant of Nature, and houered in the aire round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselues close to the stone in most louely manner, and not any one flew to endanger the marke, so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forget the errand they were sent of.

An. This is a very artificiall fie.

Mem. Nam beleeue it, for I saw it, and which is more, I haue practised this deuise often: Once when I had a quarrell with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaues, and had pointed him the field, I conuaide into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met, I drew all the foynes of his Rapier, wheresoeuer he intended, or howsoeuer I guided mine arme, pointed still to the midst

midst of my Buckler; so that by this meanes, I hurt the Knaue mortally, and my selfe came away vntoucht to the wonder of all the beholders.

Ana. Sirra you speake Metaphorically, because thy wit *Mendacio* alwaies drawes mens objections to thy fore-thought excuses.

Heur. *Anamnestes* 'tis true, and I haue an addition to this, which is to make the Bullet, shot from the enemy, to returne immediately vpon the Gunner; but let these passe, and say the worst thou canst against me.

Ana. I say Guns were found out for the quicke dispatch of mortallity, and when thou sawst men grow wise, and beget so faire a child as Peace, of so foule and deformed a mother as Warre, least there should be no murther thou deuisedst poyson.

Men. Nay fie *Nam*, vrge him not too farre.

Ana. And last, and worst, thou foundest out Cookery, that kils more then weapons, guns, warres, or poysons; and would destroy all, but that thou inuented Physicke, th'are helpes to make away some.

Heur. But sirra, besides all this, I deuised Pillories for such forging villaines as thy selfe.

Ana. Cal'st me villaine?

They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.

Men. You shall not fight as long as I am here, giue ouer I say.

Heur. *Mendacio* you offer me great wrong to hold me, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

Men. Away, away, away you are Inuention, are you not?

Heur. Yes sir, what then?

Men. And you Remembrance?

Anam. Well sir, well.

Men. Then I will be *Iudicium* the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

Heur. Well, well, if you will needs haue it so?

Ana. I am in some sort content.

Mendacio walkes with them, holding them by the hands.

Men. Why this is as it should be, when *Mendacio* hath *Inuention* on the one hand, and *Remembrance* on the other: as he'le be sure neuer to be found with truth in his mouth; so he scornes to be taken in a lie, hai, hai, hai, my fine wags, whist.

Ana. Whist. *Heur.* Whist.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 2.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes, *take their places on the Bench as before,* Auditus *on the Stage, a Page before him bearing his Targat; the field sable, an heart, next him* Tragedus *apparelled in blacke Velvet, faire Buskins, a Fauchion, &c. then* Comædus *in a light coloured greene Taffata robe, silke stockings, pumps, gloves, &c.*

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes,
Heuresis, Anamnestes, *&c.*

Com. S. They had some reason that held the soule a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with Musicke, how fast we were tied by the eares to the consort of voices powder? but all is but a little pleasure, what profitable obiects hath he?

Pha. Your eares will teach you presently, for now he's comming, that fellow in the Bayes me-thinkes I should haue knowne him, O 'tis *Commedus* tis so, but he is become now a daies something humerous, and to too Satyricall vp and downe, like his great grand-fathers *Aristophanes.*

Ana. These two my Lord *Comedus*, and *Tragedus*,
My fellowes both, both twins, but so vnlike
As birth to death, wedding to funerall:
For this that reares himselfe in buskings quainte,
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stetely in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumps doth frowne at first acquaintance,
Trouble in the midst, but in the end concludes:
Closing vp all with a sweete catastrophe.
This graue, and sad, disdaine, with brinish teares,
That light & quicke, with wrinckl'd laughter painted,
This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperours,
Full of great feares, great hopes, great enterprises:
This other trades with men of meane condition,
His proiects small, small hopes, and dangers little,
This gorgeous, broidered with rich sentences:
That faire, and purfled round with merriments.
Both vice detect, and vertue beautifie,
By being death mirrors, and lifes looking-glasse.

Com. S.

Com. S. Salutem iam primum à principio propitiam. Mihi atque Vobis ſpectatores numis.

Phan. Piſh, piſh, this is a ſpeech with no action, let's here *Terrence, Quid igitur faciam, &c.*

Com. S. Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidem cum accuſor vltro?

Phan. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me your baies, do it thus: *Quid igitur, &c.* (he acts it after the old kind of *Pantomimicke* action.)

Com. S. I ſhould iudge this action *Phantaſtes* moſt abſurd, vnleſſe we ſhould come to a Comedy, as Gentlewomen to the Commencement, onely to ſee men ſpeake.

Phan. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this kind, the hand (you know) is harbinger to the tongue, and prouides the words a lodging in the eares of the Auditors.

Com. S. Auditus it is now time you make vs acquainted with the quality of the houſe you keepe in for our better helpe in iudgement.

Aud. Vpon the ſides of faire mount *Cephalon*,
Haue I two houſes paſſing humane skill,
Of fineſt matter by dame nature wrought,
Whoſe learned fingers haue adorn'd the ſame
With gorgeous porches of ſo ſtrange a forme,
That they command the paſſingers to ſtay:
The doores whereof in hoſpitallity
Nor day, nor night, are ſhut, but open wide
Gently inuite all comers; whereupon
They are nam'd the open eares of *Cephalon*.
But leaſt ſome bolder ſound ſhould boldly ruſh,
And breake the nice compoſture of the worke,
The skilful builder wiſely hath inrang'd,
And entry from each port with curious Twines,
And crooke Meanders, like the laborinth
That *Dedalus* fram'd to incloſe the Minotaure;
At end whereof is plac'd a coſtly portall
Reſembling much the figure of a Drumme,
Granting ſlow entrance to a priuate cloſet:

Where

Where daily with a Mallet in my hand,
It set and frame all words and sounds that come
Vpon an Anuile, and so make them fit
For the perewinckling poore, that winding leades
From my close chamber to your Lordships Cell.
Thither do I chiefe Iustice of all accents,
Pysches next porter, *Adicrocosmes* front:
Learnings rich treasure, bring discipline,
Reasons discourse, knowledge of forraigne states,
Low'd fame of great *Heroes* vertuous deeds:
The marrow of graue speeches and the flowers
Of quickest Wits, neat Iests, and pure Conceits,
And oftentimes to ease the heauy burthen
Of gouernment your Lordships shoulder beare,
I thither do conduce the pleasing Nuptials
Of sweetest instruments with heauenly noise:
If then *Auditus* haue deseru'd the best,
Let him be dignified before the rest.

* *Com. S. Auditus* I am almost a Skepticke in this matter, scarce knowing which way the ballance of the cause will decline, when I haue heard the rest I will dispatch iudgement, meane while you may depart.

Auditus leads his shew about the Stage, and then goes out.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 3.

Commun is, Sensus, Memoria, Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis, *as before*, Olfactus *in a Garland of seuerall flowers, a Page before him bearing his Target, his field* vert. *a hound argent, to Boyes with casting Bottles, and two with Censors with Incense; another with a veluet cushion stucke with flowers, an other with a basket of hearbes, an other with a boxe of Oyntment*; Olfactus *leads them about, and making obeysance presents them before the Bench.*

1. *Boy.* Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this; take an ounce of the purest garden mould, clensed and steeped seuen daies in change of motherlesse-Rose-water, then take the best Labdanum, Benioine, both Storaxes, Amber-Greece, and Ciuet, and Muske, incorporate them together, and worke them into

into what forme you please; this, if your breath bee not too valiant, will make you smell as sweete as my Ladies dog.

Pha. This boy it should seemie represents Odor, he is so perfect a Perfumer. *Odor.* I do my Lord, and haue at my command.

The smell of flowers and Odiferous drugs,
Of oyntment sweet and excellent perfumes,
And Court-like waters, which if once you smell
You in your heart would wish as I suppose,
That all your body were trans-form'd to Nose.

Pha. Olfactus of all the Senses, your obiect haue the worst luck, they are alwaies iarring with their contraries, for none can weare Ciuet, but they are suspected of a proper bad sent, where the Prouerbe springs, he smelleth best that doth of nothing smell.

ACTVS 4. SCENA. 4.

The Bench and Olfactus *as before,* Tobacco *apparelled in a Taffata Mantle, his armes browne and naked, Buskins made of the pilling of Osiers, his necke bare, hung with Indian leaues, his face browne painted with blue stripes, in his nose Swines teeth, on his head a paintedwicker Crowne, with Tobacco-pipes set in it, plumes of Tobacco leaues, led by two Indian Boyes naked, with Tapers in their hands, Tobacco boxes, and pipes lighted.*

Pha. Foh, foh, what a smell is here? is this one of your delightfull obiects? *Olf.* It is your only sent in request Sir.

Com. S. What fiery fellow is that, which smokes so much in the mouth? *Olf.* It is the great and puissant god of Tobacco.

Tob. Ladoch gneuarreh pufuer shelvaro baggon,
Olfia ds quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.

Ph. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of Antipodes.

Men. No, I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians spake that liued long before the Moone.

Com. S. What signifies it *Olfactus?*

Olf. This is mighty Emperor *Tobacco*, King of *Trinidado*, that in being conquered, conquered all *Europe*, in making them pay tribute for their smoke. *Tob. Erfronge inglues conde bisingo.*
Deuelin flosceth mapu collbungo.

Olf. Expeller of Catarrhes, banisher of all Agues; your guts only salue for the greene wounds of a *non plus.*

Tob. Al vulcam vercu, I parda pora si de gratam, ka famala mara che Bauho respartera, quiratu?

Olf. Son to God *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kin to the father of Mirth, called *Bacchus.*

Tob. Viscardonox, pii lostuphe, pascano tinaromagas, Pagi dagon stollisinfe, carocibato scribas.

Olf. Genius of all Swaggerers, profest enemy to Physicions, sweet oyntment for sowre teeth, firme knot of good fellowship, Adamant of Company, swift wind to spread the wings of Time, hated of none but those that know him not, & of so great deserts, that who so is acquainted with him can hardly forsake him.

Pha. It seemes these last words were very significant, I promise you a God of great denomination, he may be my Lord *Tappes* for his large Titles.

Com. S. But forward *Olfactus*, as they haue done before you, with your description?

Olf. Iust in the midst of *Cephalons* round face.
As 'twere a frontis-pice vnto the Hill,
Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly disparted with two precious vaults,
The rootes whereof most richly are inclos'd.
With orient Pearles, and sparkling Diamonds;
Beset at the end with Emerauds and Turchois,
And Rubies red, and flaming Crisolits,
At vpper end whereof, in costly manner,
I lay my head betweene two spungeous pillowes,
Like faire *Admis* twixt the paps of *Venus*,
Where I conducting in and out the wind,
Dayly examine all the aire inspir'd,
By my pure searching, if it be pure,
And fit to serue the lungs with liuely breach.
Hence do I likewise minister perfume
Vnto the nighbour braine, perfumes of force
To clense your head, and make your fantasie
To refine wit, and sharpe inuention,
And strengthen memory, from when it came,
That old deuotion, Incence did ordaine

To

To make mans spirits more apt for things diuine.
Besides a thousand more commodities.
In lew whereof your Lordships I request,
Giue me the Crowne if I deserue it best.

Olfactus leades his company about the Stage, and goes out.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 5.

The Bench as before: a Page with a shield Argent, an Ape proper with an Apple, then Gustus *with a Cornu-copia in his hand,* Bacchus *in a Garland of leaues and Grapes, a white suit, and ouer it a thin sarsenet to his foote, in his hand a speare wreathed with vine-leaues, on his arme a Target with a Tiger,* Ceres *with a Crowne of eares of Corne, in a yellow silke robe, a bunch of Poppy in her hand, a scutchion charged with a Dragon,*

Com. S. In good time *Gustus*, haue you brought your obiects?

Gus. My seruant *Appetitus* followeth with them.

Ap. Come, come, *Bacchus* you are so fat, enter, enter.

Pha. Fie, fie *Gustus*, this is a great indecorum to bring *Bacchus* alone, you should haue made Thrift lead him by the hand.

Gus. Right Sir, but men now adaies drinke often when they be not dry; besides I could not get red herrings, & dried neats tongues enough to apparell him in. *Com. S.* What neuer a speech of him.

Gus. I put an *Octaue* of *Iambicks* in his mouth, and hee hath drunke it downe.

Ap. Well done, Muscadine and Egges stand hot; what butter'd Claret? goe thy way thou hadst best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou look'st—how now, what small thin fellow, are you here? ha?

Boy. Beere forsooth, Beere forsooth.

Ap. Beere forsooth? get you gone to the Buttery till I call for you, you are none of *Bacchus* attendants, I am sure hee cannot endure the smel of Malt. Where is *Ceres*? O well, well, is the Marchpane broken? ill luck, ill luck, come hang't, neuer stand to set it together againe; serue out fruit there. (*Enter Boyes with the Basket, Murmolet sweet, &c. deliuer it round about the Gentlewomen, and go out*) What doe you come with tosticate, after Apples? a-

way with it, digeſtion ſerue out a cheeſe; what, but a penny-worth? it is iuſt meaſure of his noſe that ſold it, lambs-wooll, the meekeſt meate in the world, 'twill let any man fleece. Snap-dragon there.

Mem. O, I remember this diſh well, it was firſt inuented by *Pluto* to entertaine *Proſerpina* withall.

Pha. I think not ſo *Memory*, for whē *Hercules* had kil'd the flaming Dragon of *Aeſperdia*, with the Apples of that Orchard he made this fiery meate, in memory whereof he named it Snap-dragon.

Com. S. Guſtus lets heare your deſcription?

Guſ. Neere to the lowly baſe of *Cephalos*,
My houſe is plac'd not much vnlike a Caue.
Yet arch't aboue by wondrous workemanſhip
With hewen ſtones wrought ſmoother & more fine
Then Iet or Marble faire from Iland brought.
Ouer the dore directly doth incline
A faire Percullis of compacture ſtrong,
To ſhut out all that may anoy the ſtate,
Or health of *Microcoſme*; and within
Is ſpred a long boord like a plyant tongue,
At which I howrely ſit, and tryall take,
Of meates and drinkes needfull and delectable,
Twiſt euery day do I prouiſion make
For the ſumptuous Kitchen of the common-wealth,
Which once well boil'd, is ſoone diſtributed
To all the members, well refreſhing them
With good ſupply of ſtrength-renuing food.
Should I neglect this muſing diligence,
The body of the Realme would ruinate?
Your ſelfe my Lord with all your pollicies
And wondrous wit, could not preſerue your ſelfe,
Nor you *Phantaſtes*; nor you *Memory*.
Pſyche her ſelfe, were't not that I repaire
Her crazie houſe with props of nouriſhment
Would ſoon forſake vs; for whoſe deereſt ſake
Many a grieuous paine haue I ſuſtain'd
By bitter pils, and ſowre purgations,
Which if I had not valiantly abidden
She had bene long ere this departed.

Since

Since the whole *Maiorcaſme* hath aide,
Let me as Prince aboue the Senſes raigne.

Com. S. The reaſons you urge *Guſtus* breed a new doubt whether it be better to be commodious or neceſſary, the reſolution whereof I refer to your iudgement, licenſing you meane while to depart:

Guſtus leads his ſhew about the ſtage, and goes out.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 16.

The Bench as before; Tactus, a Page before him bearing his Scutcheon, a Torteſſe ſable.

Tact. Ready anon forſooth? the Diuell ſtie will,
Who would be toil'd with VVenches in a ſhew?

Com. S. VVhat in ſuch anger *Tactus*? what's the matter?

Tact. My Lord, I had thought as other Senſes did,
By ſight of obiects to haue proui'd my worth:
Wherefore conſidering that of all the things
That pleaſe me moſt, women are counted chiefe,
I had thought to haue repreſented in my ſhew
The Queene of pleaſure, *Venus* and her ſonne,
Leading a Gentleman enamored,
VVith his ſweete touching of his Miſtreſſe lippes,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And diuers pleaſant reliſhes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chaſtity.

Pha. Tactus, of all I long to ſee your obiects,
How comes it, we haue loſt thoſe pretty ſports?

Tact. Thus 'tis, fiue houres ago I ſet a dozen of Maids to attire a boy like a nice Gentleman, but there is ſuch doing with their looking-glaſſes, pinning, vnpinning, ſetting, vnſetting, formings, and canformings, paintings blew veines and cheekes; ſuch ſtirre with Stickes and Combes, Calcahets, Dreſſings, Purles, Falles, Squares, Buskes, Bodies, Scarffes, Neck-laces, Carcanets, Rebatoes, Borders. Tires, Fannes, Palizadoes, Puffes, Ruffes, Cuffes, Muffes, Puſſles, Fuſſles, Partlets, Friſlets, Bandlets, Fillets, Croſlets, Pendulets, Amulets, Anulets, Bracelets, and ſo many lets, that ſhe is ſcarce dreſt to the gerdle: and now there's ſuch calling for Fardingalls, Kirtles, Buske-points, ſhoot-ties, &c. that ſeuen pedlers ſhops, nay all Sturbridge-faire wil ſcarce furniſh

her: a Ship is sooner rig'd by far, then a Gentlewoman made ready.

Phan. 'Tis strange, that women being so mutable,
Will neuer change in changing their apparell.

Com. S. Well, let them passe; *Taction* we are content, to know your dignity by relation.

Tact. The instrument of instruments, the hand,
Courtesies index, Chamberlane to Nature,
The bodies Souldier, and mouthes Caterer,
Pysches great Secretary, the dumbs eloquence,
The blind-mans Candle, and his fore-heads Buckler,
The minister of wrath and friendships signe,
This is my instrument: neuertheless my power
Extends it selfe farre as our Queene commands,
Through all the parts and climes of *Microcosme*.
I am the roote of life, spreading my vertue
By sinewes that extend from head to foote,
To euery liuing part.
For as a suttle Spider closely sitting,
In center of her web, that spreadeth round,
If the least flie but touch the smallest threed
She feeles it instantly; so doth my selfe,
Casting my slender nerues and sundry nets,
Ouer euery particle of all the body,
By proper skill perceiue the difference,
Of seuerall qualities, hot, cold, moist, and dry,
Hard, soft, rough, smoth, clammy, and slippery,
Sweete pleasure, and sharpe paine profitable,
That make vs wounded seeke for remedy:
By these meanes do I teach the Body flie,
From such bad things as may endanger it,
A wall of Brasse can be no more defense
Vnto a Towne, then I to *Microcosme*.
Tell me what Sence is not beholding to me?
The Nose is hot or cold, the Eies to weepe,
The Eares do feele: the Tast's a kinde of Touching,
That when I please, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them:
I am the eldest, and biggest of the rest,

The

The chiefest note, and first destinction,
Betwixt a liuing tree and liuing beast;
For though one heare, and see, and smell, and tast,
If he wants touch, he is counted but a blocke.
Therefore my Lord grant me the royalty
Of whom there is such great necessity.

Com. S. Tactus stand aside; you sirra *Anamnestes* tell the Senses we expect their appearance. *Ana.* At your Lordships pleasure.

Exit Anamnestes.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 7.

Common Sense, Phantastes, Memoria, Heuresis, Anamnestes, *vpon the Bench consulting among themselues;* Visus, Tactus, Gustus, *and* Olfactus, *euery one with his Shield vpon his arme,* Lingua, *and* Mendacio, *with them.*

Com. S. Though you deserue no small punishment for these vp-rores, yet at the request of these my assistants I remit it, and by the power of iudgement our gracious soueraigne *Pysche* hath giuen me, thus I determine of your controuersies, hum. By your former obiects, instruments, and reasons, I conceiue the state of *Sense* to be diuided into two parts, one of commodity, the other of necessity, both which are either for our Queene or for our Country; but as the soule is more excellent then the body, so are the Senses that profit the soule to be estimated before those that are needfull for the body. *Visus* and *Auditus* serue your selues, Maister *Register* giue me the Crowne; because it is better to be well, then simply to be, therefore I iudge the Crowne by right to belong to you of the commodities part, and the Robe to you of the Necessities side; and since you *Visus* are the Author of Inuention, and you *Auditus* of encrease and addition to the same; seeing it is more excellent to inuent then to augment, I establish you *Visus* the better of the two, and chiefe of all the rest, in token whereof I bestow vpon you this Crowne to weare at your liberty.

Vis. I most humbly thanke your Lordships.

Com. S. But least I should seeme to neglect you *Auditus*, I here chuse you to be the Lords intelligencer to *Pysche* her Maiesty; and you *Olfactus* we bestow vpon you the chiefe Priest-hood o *Microcosme*, perpetually to offer incense in Maiesties Temple. As for you *Tactus* vpon your reasons alleaged, I bestow vpon you the Robes.

Tactus

Tact. I accept it most gratefully at your iust hands, and will weare it in the remembrance of your good Lord-ship.

Som. S. And lastly *Gustus* we elect you *Psuche* her only Taster, and great Pursuior for all her dominions both by Sea and Land, in her Realme of *Microcosme*.

Gust. We thanke your Lord-ship, and rest well content with equall obedience.

Com. S. Now for you *Lingua*.

Lin. I beseech you honour let me speake, I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Com. S. I cannot stay so long, we haue consulted about you, and find your cause to stand vpon these termes, and condition. The number of Senses in this little world, is answerable to the first bodies in the great world: Now since ther be but fiue in the Vniuerse, the foure Elements and the pure substance of the heauens, therefore there can be but fiue Senses in our *Microcosme*, correspondent to those; as the sight to the heauens, hearing to the aire, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water; by which fiue meanes onely the vnderstanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all Corporeall substances, wherefore we iudge you to be no Sense simply; only thus much we from hence-forth pronounce, that all women, for your sake, shall haue six Senses: that is, Seeing, Hearing, Tasting, Smelling, Touching, and the last and feminine Sense, the Sense of speaking.

Gust. I beseech your Lordships, and your Assistants (the only cause of our friend-ship) to grace my Table, with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

Com. S. I am sorry I cannot stay with you, you know we may by no meanes omit our dayly attendance at the Court, therefore I pray you pardon vs.

Gust. I hope I shall not haue the deniall at your hands my Maisters, and you my Lady *Lingua*, come, let vs drowne all our anger in a bowle of Hippocras. *Exeunt Sensus omnes exteriores.*

Som. S. Come Maister *Register*, shall we walke?

Mem. I pray you stay a little, let me see? ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pha. Now now *Memory* so merry? What? do you trouble your selfe with two palsies at once? shaking, and laughing.

Mem. 'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselues against *Plato's* great yeare.

Phan. Why not?

Mem.

Men. Tis as true an opinion as need be, for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000. agoe, all wee were in this very place, and your Lordship iudged the very same controuersie after the very same manner, in all respects and circumstances alike.

Com. S. 'Tis wondrous strange.

Anam. By the same token you held your staffe in your right hand, iust as you do now, and Master *Phantastes* stood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

Pha. I but did I giue you a box on the eare sirrah, 49000. yeares agoe? did I? (*snappe*) *Ana.* I do not remember that Sir.

Pha. This time *Platoes* twelue-month to come, looke you saue your cheekes better.

Com. S. But what intertainement had we at Court for our long *Mem.* Let's go, Ile tell you as we walke. (staying?

Pha. If I do not seeme pranker now then I did in those dayes, Ile be hang'd. *Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus, manet Lingua.*

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 8.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Lin. Why this is good, by *Common-Senses* meanes,
Lingua thou hast fram'd a perfect Commedy,
They are all good friends whom thou mad'st enemies,
And I am halfe a Sence: a sweete peece of seruice,
I promise you a faire step to preferment.
Was this the care and labour thou hast taken,
To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
To loose thy Crowne and be deluded thus?
Well, now I see my case is desperate,
The iudgement past, sentence irreuocable,
Therefore Ile be content and clap my hands,
And giue a *plaudite* to their proceedings.
What? Shall I leaue my hate begun vnperfect?
So fowly vanquisht by the spitefull Senses?
Shall I? the Embassadresse of Gods and Men,
That pul'd proud *Phœbe* from her brightsome spheare
And dark't *Apollo's* countenance with a word?
Raysing at pleasure stormes, and winds, and earth-quakes,
Be ouer-crowed, and breath without reuenge?

Yet they, forſooth, baſe ſlaues, muſt be preferred,
And decke themſelues with my right ornaments?
Doth the all-knowing *Phœbus* ſee this ſhame
Without redreſſe? will not Heauens helpe me?
Then Hell ſhall doo't, my enchanting tongue
Can mount the skyes, and in a moment fall
From the Pole Articke to darke *Acheron*.
Ile make them know mine anger is not ſpent,
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
Mendacio come hither quickly ſirra. — *Men.* Madam.

Lin. Harke hether in thine eare.

Men. Why do you whiſht thus? here is none to heare you.

Ling. I dare not truſt theſe ſecrets to the Earth, ere ſince ſhee brought forth Reedes, whoſe babling noiſe told all the world of *Midas* Aſſes eares. (*She whiſpers him in the eare*) Doſt vnderſtand me?

Men. I, I, I,—neuer feare that—there's a ieſt indeed—piſh, piſh, Madame—do you thinke me ſo fooliſh?—tut, tut, doubt not.

Lin. Tell her if ſhe do not.

Men. Why do you make any queſtion of it—what a ſtirre is here?—I warrant you preſently. *Exit Mendacio.*

Ling. Well, Ile to ſupper, and ſo cloſely couer
The ruſty canker of mine yron ſpight,
With golden foile of goodly ſemblances,
But if I do not trounce them —— *Exit Lingua.*

Actus. 5. Scœna. 1.

Mendacio *with a Bottle in his hand.*

Men. My Lady *Lingua* is iuſt like one of theſe leane-witted *Commedians*, who diſturbing all to the fifth Act, bring downe ſome *Mercury* or *Iupiter* in an Engine to make all friends. So ſhe, but in a contrary manner, ſeeing her former plots diſpurpoſed, ſends me to an old Witch called *Acraſia*, to helpe to wreake her ſpight vpon the Senſes: the old Hag, after many an incircled circumſtance, and often naming of the direfull *Hecate*, and *Demogorgon*, giues me this bottle of wine, mingled with ſuch helliſh drugs, and forcible words, that whoſoeuer drinkes of it ſhall bee preſently poſſeſt with an inraged and mad kind of anger.

ACTVS

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 2.

Mendacio, Crapula, Appetitus, *crying.*

Men. What's this *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of dores? ha!

Cra. You filthy long-Crane, you meager-slaue, will you kill our guests with blowing continuall hunger in them? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe) the Senses haue euer-charg'd their stomake already, & you sirra serue them vp a fresh appetite with euery new dish, they had burst their guts if thou had'st staid but a thought longer? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe) be gon or Ile set thee away, bee gone yee gnaw-bone, raw-bone-rascall.

Men. Then my deuise is cleane spoiled, *Appetitus* should haue beene as the bowle to present them medicine to the Senses, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of dores, what shall I do?

Crap. Away sirra, (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, &c.

Ap. Well *Crapula* well, I haue deserued better at your hands then so, I was the man you know first brought you into *Gustus* his seruice, I lin'd your guts there, and you vse me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

Cra. Dost thou talke? (tiffe, toffe) hence, hence (tiffe toffe (hence auaunt curre, auaunt you dogge. *Exit Crapula.*

Ap. The belching-gor-belly hath well-nigh kil'd; I am shut out of dores finely, well this is my comfort, I may walke now in liberty at my owne pleasure. *Men. Appetitus, Appetitus.*

Ap. Ah *Mendacio, Mendacio.*

Men. Why how now man, how now? how ist? canst not speake?

Ap. Faith I am like a Bag-pipe, that neuer sounds but when the belly is full. *Men.* Thou empty, and com'st from a feast.

Ap. From a fray I tell thee *Mendacio*, I am now like the Ewe, that gaue sucke to a Wolues Whelpe. I haue nurst vp my fellow *Crapulo* so long as he's growne strong enough to beate me. (uice?

Men. And whether wilt thou go now thou art banisht out of ser-

Ap. Faith Ile trauell to some Colldge or other in an Vniuersity.

Men. Why so?

Ap. Because *Appetitus* is well beloued amongst Schollers, for there I can dine and sup with them and rise againe as good friends as we sate downe, Ile thither questionlesse.

Men. Hear'st thou giue me thy hand, by this hand I loue thee; go to then thou shalt not forsake thy masters thus, I say thou shalt not.

Ap. Alas I am very loath, but how should I helpe it?

Men. Why take this bottle of Wine, come on, goe thy wayes, to them againe. *Ap.* Ha, ha, ha, what good will this doe?

Men. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the gods; doe but let the Senses taste of it, and feare not, they'le loue thee as well as euer they did. *Ap.* I pray thee where hadst it?

Men. My Lady gaue it me to bring her; *Mercury* stole it from *Hebe* for her, thou know'st there were some iarres betwixt her and thy Masters, and with this drinke she would gladly wash out all the reliques of their disagreement: Now, because I loue thee, thou shalt haue the grace of presenting it to them, and so come in fauour againe.

Ap. It smels well I would faine beginne to them.

Men. Nay, stay no longer, least they haue supt before thou come.

Ap. Mendacio how shall I requite thy infinite courtesie.

Men. Nay pray thee leaue, goe catch occasion by the fore-top, but heat'st thou? as soone as it is presented, round my Lady *Lingua* in the eare, and tell her of it.

Ap. I will, I will, I will, adue, adue, adue. *Exit Appetitus.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 3.

Mendacio *solus.*

Men. Why this is better then I could haue wisht it,
Fortune I thinke is faine in loue with me,
Answering so right mine expectation.
By this time *Appetite* is at the Table,
And with a lowly Cringe presents the Wine
To his old Master *Gustus*, now he takes it,
And drinkes, perchance, to *Lingua*; she craftily,
Kisses the cup, but lets not downe a drop,
And giues to the rest; 'tis sweete, they'le swallow it,
But when 'tis once discended to the stomacke,
And sends vp noysome vapours to the braine,
'Twill make them swagger gallantly, their rage
Most strangely, or *Aprasia's* art deceiues her:
When if my Lady stirre her nimble tongue,
And closely sow contentious words amongst them,
O what a stabbing there will be? what bleeding?

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 4.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Ling. What, art thou there *Mendacio*? pretty rascall:
Come let me kisse thee for thy good deserts.

Men. Madame, do'st take? haue they all tasted it?

Lin. All, all; and all are well-nigh mad already:
Oh how they stare, and sweare, and fume, and brawle;
Wrath giues them weapons; Pots, and Candle-sticks,
Ioin'd-stooles and Trenchers flie about the roome,
Like to the bloudy banquet of the the Centaures:
But all the sport is to see what seuerall thoughts
The potions workes in their immaginations:
For *Visus* thinkes himselfe; a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 5.

Appetitus, Mendacio, Lingua.

Ap. So-hoe *Mendacio*, so-hoe, so-hoe.

Men. Madame I doubt they come, yonder is *Appetitus*, you had best be gone, least in their out-rage they should iniure you How now *Hunger*? how do'st my fine maypole? ha? (*Exit Lingua*)

Ap. I may well be called a May-pole; for the Senses do nothing but daunce a morice about me.

Men. Why? what ayles them? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee?

Ap. Friends with me? nay rather frenzy: I neuer knew them in such a case in all my life.

Men. Sure they dranke too much, and are mad for loue of thee.

Ap. They want *Common-Sense* among'st them: there's such a hurly-burly *Auditus* is starke deafe, and wonders why men speak so softly that he cannot heare them, *Visus* hath drunke himselfe starke blind, and therefore imagineth himselfe to be *Polyphemus*: *Tactus* is raging mad, and cannot be otherwise perswaded, but he is *Hercules furens*, there's such conceits amongst them.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 6.

Visus, Appetitus, Mendatio.

Vis. O that I could but finde the villaine *Outis*,

Outis the villaine that thus blinded me. *Men.* Who is this? *Visus.*

Ap. I,I,I, otherwise called *Polypheмus.*

Vis. By heauens bright Sunne, the daies most glorious eye,
That lightneth all the world but *Polypheme,*
And by mine eye that once was answerable
Vnto that Sunne, but now's extinguished.

Men. He can see to sweare me-thinkes.

Vis. If I but once lay hands vpon the slaue,
That thus hath rob'd me of my deerest Iewell,
I'le rend the miscreant into a thousand peeces,
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth,
Drinking his liue-warme bloud to satisfie
The boyling thirst of paine and furiousnesse,
That thus exasperates great *Polypheme.*

Men. Pray thee *Appetitus* see how he graspes for that he would be loath to find. *Ap.* What's that? a stumbling blocke?

Vis. These hands that whilom tore vp sturdy Okes,
And rent the rocke that dasht out *Acis* braines,
Both in the stole-blisse of my *Galatea,*
Serue now (O misery) to no better vse
But for bad guides to my vnskilfull feete,
Neuer accustomed thus to be directed.

Men. As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a wheele, to make him the true picture of fortune; how sai'st? what shall we play at blind-man-buffe with him? *Ap.* I if thou wilt, but first I'le try whether he can see.

Vis. Find me out *Outis,* search the Rockes and Woods,
The Hilles and Dales, and all the Coasts adioyning,
That I may haue him and reuenge my wrong.

Ap. Visus me-thinkes your eies are well enough.

Vis. What's he that calls me *Visus*? do'st not know——

(They runne about him, playing with him, and abusing him)

Ap. To him *Mendacio,* to him, to him.

Men. There, there *Appetitus,* he comes, he comes; ware ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha. *Visus stumbles, falls downe, and sits still.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 7.

Mendacio, Appetitus, Tactus, *with a great blacke Iacke in his hand.*

Men. Is this he that thinkes himselfe *Hercules.* *Appe.*

Appe. I, wilt see me out-swagger him?

Men. I do, do, I loue not to sport with such mad-play-fellowes; tickle him *Appetitus*, tickle him, tickle him.

Exit Mendacio.

Tact. Haue I not here the great and puissant Club,
Where-with I conquered three Chopt *Serberus*,

Ap. Haue I not here the sharpe and war-like teeth,
That at one breake-fast quail'd thrice three hogges-faces.

Tact. And are not these *Alcides* brawny armes,
That rent the Lyons iawes, and kill'd the Boare?

Ap. And is not this the stomake that defeated,
Nine yards of pudding, and a ranke of pies?

Tact. Did not I crop the seuen-fold *Hydraes* crest,
And with a riuer clensed *Augeas* stable?

Ap. Did not I crush a seuen-fold Custards crust,
And with my tongue swept a well furnisht Table?

Tact. Did not these feet and hands ore-take and slay
The nimble Stagge, and fierce impetuous Bull?

Ap. Did not this throate at one good meale deuoure,
That Stagges sweete venison, and that strong Buls-beefe?

Tact. Shall *Hercules* be thus dispatagd?
Iuno! you pouting Queane, you lowring Trull,
Take heed I take you not; for by *Iones* thunder *Exit Visus*
I'le be reueng'd. *Appetitus drawes Visus backeward from Tactus.*

Ap. Why *Visus*, *Visus*, will you be kil'd? away, away.

Tact. Who haue we here? see, see, the Gyant *Cacus*
Drawes an Oxe backe-ward to his theeuish den,
Hath this deuise so long deluded me?
Monster of men *Cacus* restore my Cattle,
Or instantly I'le crush thy idle Coxe-combe,
And dash thy doltish braines against thy Caue.

Ap. Cacus, I *Cacus*? ha, ha, ha, *Tactus* you mistake me.
I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.

Tact. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art so run quickly villaine,
Fetch a whole Oxe to satisfie my stomacke.

Ap. Fetch an Asse to keepe you company.

Tact. Then downe to Hell, tell *Pluto* Prince of Diuels,
That great *Alcides* wants a kitchen wench.

To

To turne his spit, command him, for my selfe,
To send vp *Proserpine* shee'le serue the turne.

Ap. I must finde you meate, and the Diuell find you Cookes,
Which is the next way?

Tact. Follow the beaten path thou canst not misse it,
'Tis a wide Causy that conducteth thether.
An easie tract, and downe hill all the way,
But if the blacke Prince will not send her quickly,
But still detaine her for his bed-fellow.
Tell him I'le drag him from his iron chaire,
By the steele tresses, and then sow him fast,
With the three furies in a letherne bagge,
And thus will drowne them in the Ocean.

He powres the lacke of Beere vpon Appetitus.

Ap. You had better keepe him aliue to light Tobacco pipes, or to sweepe chimnies. *Tac.* Art thou not gon? nay then I'le send thy soule before t'will do thy message sooner (tiffe, tiffe)

Ap. Hercules, Hercules, Hercules? do not you heare *Omphale*? Harke how she cals you, harke?

Tac. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugred voice?
Omphale. deere Commandresse of my life:
My thoughts repose, sweete Center of my cares,
Where all my hopes, and best desires takes rest,
Lo! where the mighty sonne of *Iupiter*
Throwes himselfe Captiue at your conquering feete?
Do not disdaine my voluntary humblenesse,
Accept my seruice, blesse me with commanding,
I will performe the hardest imposition
And run through twelue new labours for thy sake.
Omphale, deere Commandresse of my life.

Ap. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her?
Looke how she holds her distaffe, looke you?

Tact. Where is she gone, that I may follow her?
Omphale stay, stay, take thy *Hercules*,

Hp. There, there man, you are right. *Exit. Tactus.*

ACTVS 5. SCENA. 8.

Appetitus. *Solus.*

Appe.

Ap. What a ſtrange temper are the Senſes in?
How comes their wits thus topſie turvy turn'd?
Hercules Tuſcus; Viſus Polypheme.
Two goodly Sur-names haue they purchaſed:
By the rare Ambroſian of an Oyſter-pye
They haue got ſuch proud immagination,
That I could wiſh I were mad for company:
But ſince my fortunes cannot ſtretch ſo high,
I'le reſt contented with this wiſe eſtate.

ACTVS. 5. I. SCENA. 9.

Appetitus, Auditus *with a Candleſticke.*

Ap. What more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too?
Aud. Take this abuſe at baſe *Olfactus* hands?
What did he challenge me to meete me here,
And is not come? well I'le proclaime the ſlaue
The vildeſt daſtard that ere broke his word:
But ſtay, yonder's *Appetitus.*
Ap. I pray you *Auditus* what ails you?
Aud. Ha, ha! *Ap.* What ailes you?
Aud. Ha! what ſaiſt thou? *Ap.* Who hath abus'd you thus?
Aud. Why doſt thou whiſper thus, canſt not ſpeake out?
Ap. Saue me, I had cleane forgotten: why are you ſo angry *Auditus*? *Au.* Bite vs, who dare bite vs? (*tus* and you?
Ap. I talke of no biting, I ſay what's the matter between *Olfac-*
Au. Will *Olfactus* bite me? do if he dares, would he would meet me here according to his promiſe; Mine eares are ſomewhat thick of late, I pray thee ſpeake out louder.
Ap. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is fine i'faith: ha, ha, ha, Here you, haue you loſt your eares at ſupper?
Aud. Excellent cheere at ſupper I confeſſe:
But when 'tis ſawc'd with ſowre contentions.
Ap. Piſh, piſh, this is my queſtion: Hath your ſupper ſpoil'd your hearing? *Au.* Hearing at Supper, tell not me of hearing,
But if thou ſawſt *Olfactus* bring me to him.
Ap. I aske you whether you haue loſt your hearing?
Au. O doſt thou heare them ring? what a griefe is this,
Thus to be deafe, and loſe ſuch harmony?

Wretched *Auditus* now shalt thou neuer heare
The pleasing changes that a wel-tun'd Corde
Of trowling Bells will make when they are true rung.

Ap. Here's adoe indeed, I thinke he is mad, as well as drunke, or deafe. *Aud.* Ha, what's that?

Ap. I say you haue made me hoarse with speaking so loud.

Aud. Ha, what sai'st thou of a creaking Croud?

Ap. I am hoarce I tell you, and my head akes.

Aud. Oh I vnderstand thee! the first Croud was made of a horse-head.
'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head,
Was the first inuention of string Instruments,
Whence rose the Gitterne, Viol, and the Lute:
Though others thinke the Lute was first deuis'd,
In immitation of a Tortesse backe,
Whose sinewes parched by *Apollo's* beames,
Ecchoed about the concaue of the shell,
And seeing the shortest and smallest gaue shrillest sound,
They found our frets whose sweete diuersity
(Well couched by the skilfull learned fingers)
Raiseth so strange a multitude of Cords,
Which their opinion many do confirme,
Because *Testudo* signifies a Lute.
But if I by no meanes. ——

Ap. Nay if you begin to criticke once, we shall neuer haue done.

Exit Appetitus, and carries away Auditus perforce.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 10.

Crapula, *a fat bellied slaue, cloathed in a light vaile of Sarsnet, a Garland of Vine-leaues on his head, &c.* Somnus *in a Mantle of blacke Cob-web-lawne downe to the foote, ouer a duskie coloured taffata Coate, and a Crowne of Poppy tops on his head, a company of darke coloured silke scarfes in one hand, a Mace of Poppy in the other, leaning his head vpon a pillow on* Crapula's *shoulders.*

Cra. *Somnus*, good *Somnus*, sweete *Somnus* come apace!

Som. Hei-oh, oh; are you sure they be so? oho, ho, oho, hei, waw? What good can I do? oh, hoh, hawe.

Cra. Why I tell you, vnlesse you helpe *Somnus falls downe*
Soft sonne of night, right heire to quietnesse, *and sleepes.*

Labours

Labours repose, lifes best restoratiue,
Digestions carefull Nurse, bloods Comforter,
Wits helpe, thoughts charme, the stay of *Microcosme*,
Sweete *Somnus*, chiefest enemy to Care:
My deerest friend, lift vp thy lumpish head,
Ope thy dull eyes, shake off this drowsinesse,
Rowse vp thy selfe.

Som. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh oh how, whose there?
Crapula speake quickly, what's the matter?

Crap. As I told you, the noble Senses, Peeres of *Microcosme*,
Will eft-soone fall to ruine perpetuall,
Vnlesse your ready helping hand recure them,
Lately they banqueted at *Gustus* Table,
And there fell mad, or drunke, I know not whether,
So that it's doubtfull in these outragious fits
That thei'le murder one another.

Som. Feare not, if they haue scapt already,
Bring me to them, or them to me,
Ple quickly make them know the power
Of my large stretcht authority.
These cords of sleepe, where-with I wont to bind
The strongest armes that eue resisted me
Shall be the meanes whereby I will correct
The Senses out-rage, and distemperature.

Cra. Thankes gentle *Somnus*, I'le go seeke them out,
And bring them to you soone as possible.

Som. Dispatch it quickly least I fal a sleepe for want of worke.

Cra. Stand still, stand still: *Visus* I thinke comes yonder,
If you thinke good begin and bind him first:
For he made fast, the rest will soone be quiet.

Exit Crapula.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. II.

Visus, Somnus.

Vis. Sage *Telemus*, I now, too late, admire
Thy deepe fore-sight and skill in Prophecy,
Who whilome toldst me that in time to come
Vlisses should deprive me of my light,
And now the slaue that marcht in *Ouis* name
As prou'd *Vlisses*, and by this deuice

Hath scapt my hands, and fled away by Sea,
Leauing me desolate in eternall night.
Ah wretched *Polypheme*, where's all thy hope
And longing for thy beauteous *Galetea*?
She scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest,
And loath to looke vpon thy darkned face.
Aye me most miserable *Polyphemus*.
But as for *Vlysses*, heauen and earth
Send vengeance euer on thy damned head.
In iust reuenge of my great iniury. *Somnus binds him.*
Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come.
Come all ye *Cyclops* helpe to rescue me.
Somnus charmes him, he sleepes.

Som. There rest thy selfe, and let thy quiet sleepe,
Restore thy weake immagination.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 12.

Lingua, Somnus, Visus.

Ling. Ha, ha, ha: oh how my spleene is tickled with this sport?
The madding Senses make about the woods,
It cheeres my soule and makes my body fat
To laugh at their mischances, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Heigh ho, the stitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
Would I had one to hold my sides a while,
That I might laugh afresh, oh how they ramme,
And chafe, & sweare, and threaten one another, *Somnus binds her.*
Ay me, out alas, ay me help, help, who's this that binds me?
Helpe *Mendacio*, *Mendacio* helpe, here's one will ravish me.

Som. Lingua content your selfe you must be bound.

Ling. What a spight is this? Are my nailes par'd so neere? Can I not scratch his eies out? What haue I done? What do you meane to kill me? Murder, murder, murder. *She falls asleepe.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 13.

Gustus, *with a voyding knife in his hand*, Somus,
Lingua, Visus.

Gus. Who cries out murder? What a woman slaine!
My Lady *Lingua* dead? Oh heauens iniust,
Can you behold this fact, this bloudy fact,

And

And ſhower not fire vpon the murderer?
Ah peereleſſe *Lingua*, miſtreſſe of heauenly words,
Sweete tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Hearts deere inchantreſſe, what diſagers fates,
Haue reft this Iewell from our Common-wealth?
Guſtus the Ruby that adornes thy Ring,
Loe here defect, how ſhalt thou lead thy dayes,
Wanting the ſweete companion of thy life,
But in darke ſorrow, and dull melancholy?
But ſtay, who's this? Inhumane wretch,
Bloud-thirſty miſcreant, is this thy handy-worke,
To kill a woman, a harmeleſſe Lady? (ſides.
Villaine prepaire thy ſelfe; draw, or I'le ſheath my fauchion in thy
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

Guſtus offers to run at Somnus, but being ſuddenly charmed falles aſleepe.

Som. Here's ſuch a ſtirre, I neuer knew the Senſes in ſuch diſorder.

Ling. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio, Mendacio*, See how *Viſus* hath broke his fore-head againſt the Oke yonder: ha, ha, ha, ha.

Som. How now? Is not *Lingua* bound ſufficiently? I haue more trouble to make one woman ſleepe, then all the world beſides, they are ſo full of tattle.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 14.

Somnus, Crapula, (Lingua, Viſus, Guſtus) Auditus *pulling* Olfactus *by the Noſe, and* Olfactus *wringing* Auditus *by the eares.*

Aud. Oh mine eares, mine eares, mine eares.

Olf. Oh my noſe, my noſe, my noſe. (him go

Cra. Leaue, leaue at length theſe baſe contentions, *Olfactus* let

Olf. Let him firſt looſe my noſe.

Cra. Good *Auditus* giue ouer.

Aud. I'le haue his life that ſought to kill me.

Som. Come, come, I'le end this quarrell, binde him *Crapula.*

They bind them both.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 15.

Tactus, *with his robe in his hand*, Somnus, Crapula, Lingua, Guſtus, Olfactus, Viſus, Auditus.

Tactus. Thankes *Deianeira*, for thy kinde remembrance,
'Tis a faire ſhirt, I'le weare it for thy ſake.

Cra. Somnus, here's *Tactus* worse then all his fellowes,
Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage.
Som. What will he do? see that he scapes vs not.
Tac. 'Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well,
'Tis very warme indeed; but whats the matter?
Me thinkes I am some what hotter then I was,
My heart beates faster then 'twas wont to do,
My braines inflam'd, my temples ake extremely, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creepes among my bowels!
Ætna's within my brest, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones. Oh my sides, Oh my sides!
My sides, my reines, my head, my reines, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liuer, my liuer, oh!
I burne, I burne, I burne; oh how I burne
With scorching heate of implacable fire!
I burne extreame with flames vnsufferable.
Som. Sure he doth but try how to act *Hercules*.
Tac. Is it this fire that boiles me thus? oh heauens!
It fires me worse, and heates more furiously
Then *Ioue* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse paine that bathe in *Phlegeton*;
Could not the triple kingdome of the world,
Heauen, Earth, and Hell, destroy *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Iuno*,
Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty ionne of *Iupiter*?
And shall this poisoned linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burne? villaines flye vp to heauen,
Bid *Iris* muster vp a troope of clouds,
And shower downe cataracts of raine to coole me,
Or else Ile breake her speckled bow in peeces.
Will she not? No, she hates me likes her mistris;
Why then descend your roagues to the vile deepe,
Fetch *Neptune* hither, charge him bring the sea
To quench these flames, or else the worlds faire frame
Will be in greater danger to be burnt
Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunnes rich Chariot.
Som. Ile take that care the world shal not be burnt,
If *Somnus* cords can hold you. *Somnus binds him.*

Tact

Tact. What Vulcan's this that offers to inchaine
A greater souldier then the God of warres?

Som. He that each night with bloudlesse battell conquers
The proudest Conquerour that triumphs by warres.

Crap. Now *Somnus* there's but onely one remaining,
That was the Author of these out-rages.

Som. Who's that? Is he vnder my command?

Crap. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*, if you go that way, and looke about those thickets, I'le go hither, and search this groue, I doubt not but to finde him.

Som. Content. *Exeunt Somnus and Crapula.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 16.

Appetitus, Irracibilis, *with a willow in his hand puld vp by the roates.* Somnus, Crapula. *The* Senses *all a sleepe.*

Ap. So, now's the time that I would gladly meete
These madding *Senses* that abus'd me thus;
What haunt me like an Owle? make an Asse of me?
No they shall know, I scorne to serue such masters,
As cannot maister their affections,
Their iniuries haue chang'd my nature,
Now I'le be no more called hungry parasite:
But hence forth answere to the wrathfull name
Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's vp:
Zephirus coole me quickly with thy fanne,
Or else Ile cut thy cheekes: why this is braue,
Farre better then to faune at *Gustus* table
For a few scraps: no, no, such words as these:
By *Pluto* stabbe the villaine, kill the slaue:
By the infernall Hagges I'le hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascall that abus'd me thus:
Such words as these fit angry Appetite. *Enter Crapula.*

Cra. Somnus, Somnus, come hither, come hither quickly, he's here, he's here.

Ap. I marry is he sirra, what of that base miscreant *Crapula.*

Cra. O gentle *Appetitus.*

Ap. You muddy gulche, darst looke me in the face while mine eyes sparkle with reuengefull fire? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe,)

Crap. Good *Appetitus.*

Appe.

Ap. Peace you fat Bawſon, peace, (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe)
Seeſt not this fatall engine of my wrath?
Villaine Ile maule thee for thine old offences,
And grinde the bones to powder with this peſtle.
You, when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beate me out off doores; but now prepare,
Make thy ſelfe ready, for thou ſhalt not ſcape.
Thus doth the great reuengefull *Appetite*,
Vpon his fat foe wreake his wrathfull ſpite.

Appetitus *beareth vp his Club to braine* Crapula, *but* Somnus *in the meane time, catcheth him behind, and binds him.*

Som. Why how now *Crapula*?
Cra. Am I not dead? is not my ſoule departed?
Som. No, no, ſee where he lies, that would haue hurt thee, feare nothing.

Somnus layes the Senſes all in a circle, feet to feet, and wafts his wand ouer them.

So reſt you all in ſilent quietneſſe.
Let nothing wake you till the power of ſleepe
With his ſweet dew, cooling your braines inflamed,
Hath reſtified the vaine and idle thoughts,
Bred by your ſurfeit and diſtemperature:
Lo here the Senſes late outragious,
All in a round together ſleepe like friends,
For there's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,
The poore and rich, the beauteous and deformed,
Wrapt in the vaile of night, and bonds of ſleepe,
Without whoſe power and ſweete dominion,
Our life were Hell, and pleaſure painefulneſſe,
The ſting of enuie, and the dart of loue,
Auarice talons, and the fire of hate:
VVould poiſon, would, diſtract, and ſoone conſume
The heart, the liuer, life and minde of man;
The ſturdy Mower, that with brawny armes,
VVieldeth the crooked ſithe in many a ſwathe,
Cutting the flowry pride on the veluet plaine,
Lies downe at night, and in the weary folds

Of

Of his wiues armes, forgets his labour past,
The painefull Mariner, and carefull Smith.
The toyling Plow-man, all Artificers,
Moſt humbly yeeld to my dominion;
Without due reſt nothing is durable.
Loe thus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
With his moſt awfull wand, and halfe the yeere
Reignes ouer the beſt and proudeſt Emperours.
Only the Nurſlings of the ſiſters nine,
Rebell againſt me, ſcorne my great command,
And when darke night from her bedewy wings,
Drops ſleepy ſilence to the eyes of all,
They onely wake, and with vnwearied toyle,
Labour to finde the *Via lactea*,
That leads to the Heauen of immortality,
And by the lofty towning of their minds,
Fledg'd with the Feathers of a learned Muſe,
They raiſe themſelues vnto the higheſt pitch,
Marrying baſe earth, and Heauen in a thought;
But thus I puniſh their rebellion,
Their induſtry was neuer yet rewarded,
Better to ſleepe then wake, and toyle for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 18.

The fiue Senſes, Lingua, Appetitus, *all aſleepe, and dreaming*, Phantaſtes, Heureſis.

Au. So ho Rocwood, to ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ, hay Chanter, Chanter; by *Actæons* head-tire it's a very deepe-mouth'd dogge, a moſt admirable cry of Hounds: looke heere, againe, againe there, there, ah were counter.

Viſ. Do you ſee the full Moone yonder, and not the man in it? why me thinks 'tis too too euident, I ſee his dog very plaine, and looke you, iuſt vnder his taile is a thorne-buſh of the Furres.

Guſt. 'Twill make a fine tooth-picke, that Larkes heele there: O do not burne it.

Phn. Boy, *Heureſis*, what think'ſt thou I thinke, when I thinke nothing.

Heu. And it pleaſe you ſir, I thinke you are deuiſing how to

answer a man that asks you nothing.

Pha. Well gest boy, but yet thou mistook'st it: for I was thinking of the constancy of women. *Apetitus snores aloud.* Beware sirra, take heed, I doubt me here's some wild Boare lodged hereabout. How now? me thinkes these be the Senses, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kist them. (oh, oh.

Tac. Oh, oh, oh, I am stab'd, I am stab'd, hold your hand, oh,

Pha. How now? do they talke in their sleepe? are they not awake *Heuresis*?

Heu. No questionlesse, they be all fast asleepe.

Gus. Eate not too many of those Apples, they be very flatiue.

Olf. Foh, beate out this dog here, foh, was it you *Appetitus*?

Au. In faith it was most sweetely winded, whosoeuer it was. the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent.

Tac. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

Pha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, st, *Heuresis*, stir not sirra.

Ap. Shut the doore, the Pot runs ouer, sirra Cooke, that will be a sweete Pasty if you nibble the Venison so.

Gus. Say you so? is a Marrow-Pye the *Helena* of meates? giue me't, if I play not *Paris* hang me. Boy, a cleane Trencher.

Ap. Serue vp, serue vp, this is a fat Rabet, would I might haue the maidenhead of it: Come, giue mee the fish there, who hath medled with these, maides? ha?

Olf. Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame, 'tis the worst smell that can be.

Tac. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my leg, my leg.

Lin. I must abroad presently, reach me my best Necklace presently. *Pha.* Ah *Lingua* are you there?

Au. Here take this rope, and Ile helpe the leader close with the second Bell: Fie, fie, there is a goodly peale cleane spoild.

Vis. Ile lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: well, well, I know it, marke but her nose, do you not see the complection crack out? I must confesse 'tis a good picture.

Tac. Ha, ha, ha: fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me so, oh, ha, ha, ha, take away your hands I cannot endure, ah you tickle mee, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Vis. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now; look about that bush she trust her therabout,—here she is, ware wing Cater, ware wing auant. *Ling.* Mum, mum, mum, mum.

Pha.

Pha. ſt, ſirra take heede you wake her not.

Hea. I know ſir ſhe is faſt aſleepe, for her mouth is ſhut.

Ling. This 'tis to venture vpon ſuch vncertainties to loſe ſo rich a Crowne to no end. Well, well.

Pha. Ha, ha, ha, we ſhall here anon, where ſhe loſt her maiden-head, ſt boy, my Lord Vicegerent, and Maſter Regiſter are hard by, run quickly tell them of this accident, with them come ſoftly. *Exit Heareſis.*

Lin. Mendacio, neuer talke further, I doubt 'tis paſt recouery, & my Robe likewiſe, I ſhall neuer haue them againe; well, well.

Pha. How? her Crowne and her Robe, neuer recouer them? hum, waſt not ſaid to bee left by *Mercury*? ha? I coniecture here's ſome knauery --- faſt lock't with ſleepe, in good faith. Was that Crowne and garment yours *Lingua*?

Lin. I marry were they, and that ſome body hath felt, and ſhal feele more if I liue.

Pha. O ſtrange, ſhe anſwers in her ſleepe to my queſtion, but how come the Senſes to ſtriue for it?

Ling. Why I laid it vpon purpoſe in their way, that they might fall together by the eares.

Pha. What a ſtrange thing is this?

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 18.

The Senſes, Appetitus, *and* Lingua *aſleepe*, Phantaſtes, Communis, Senſus, Memoria, Anamneſtes.

Pha. ſt, my Lord, ſoftly, ſoftly, here's the notableſt peece of treaſon diſcouered; how ſay you *Lingua* ſet all the Senſes at ods, ſhee hath confeſt it to me in her ſleepe?

Com. S. Is't poſſible Maſter Regiſter? did you euer know any talke in their ſleepe?

Mem. I remember my Lord, many haue done ſo very oft; but women are troubled eſpecially with this taking diſeaſe, many of them I haue heard anſwere in their dreames, and tell what they did all the day awake.

An. By the ſame token there was a wanton Maid, that being asked by her Mother, what ſuch a one did with her ſo late one night in ſuch a roome, ſhe preſently ſaid, that ——

Mem. Peace you vile rake-hell, is ſuch a ieſt fit for this company? No more I ſay ſirra.

Pha. My Lord, will you beleeue your owne eares, you ſhall heare her anſwer me as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua* what did you with the Crowne and Garments?

Lin. Ile tell thee *Mendacio*.

Pha. She thinkes *Mendacio* ſpeakes to her, marke now, marke how truely ſhe will anſwere. What ſay you Madame?

Lin. I ſay *Phantaſtes* is a fooliſh tranſparent gull, a meere phantaſticke nuption, in my imagination, not worthy to ſit as a Iudges aſſiſtant.

Com. S. Ha, ha, ha, how truely and directly ſhe anſwers?

Pha. Bow, ſaw, ſhe dreames now, ſhee knowes not what ſhee ſayes. Ile try her once againe. Madam, what remedy can you haue for your great loſſes?

Lin. O, are you come *Acraſia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cuſhion, ſit downe good *Acraſia*; I am ſo beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedingly, the Senſes were ſo mad, did not you ſee how they raged about the Woods?

Com. Hum *Acraſia*? is *Acraſia* her confederate? my life that Witch hath wrought ſome villany—*Lingua riſeth in her ſleep, & walketh* How's this? is ſhe aſleepe? haue you ſeene one walke thus before?

Men. It is a very common thing, I haue ſeene many ſicke of the Peripatetick diſeaſe.

An. By the ſame token, my Lord, I knew one that went abroad in his ſleepe, bent his Bow, ſhot at a Magpie, kild her, fetcht his arrow, came home, lockt his dores, and went to bed againe.

Com. S. What ſhould be the reaſon of it?

Men. I remember *Scalliger* told me the reaſon once, as I think thus, the Nerues that carry the moouing faculty from the braines to the thighs, legges, feete, and armes, are wider farre then the other Nerues, wherefore they are not ſo eaſily ſtopt with the vapours of ſleepe, but are night and day ready to performe what fancy ſhall command them.

Com. S. It may be ſo, but *Phantaſtes* enquire more of *Araſia*.

Pha. What did you with the potion *Araſia* made you?

Lin. Gaue it to the Senſes, and made them as mad as—well, if if I cannot recouer it——let it go, I'le not leaue them thus.

She lies downe againe.

Com. S. Boy, awake the Senſes there.

An. Hoe, hoe, *Auditus*, vp, vp; so hoe *Olfactus* haue at your nose; vp *Visus*, *Gustus*, *Tactus*, vp: What, can you not feele a pinch? haue at you with a pinne. *Tac.* Oh, you stab me, oh.

Com.S. Tactus, know you how you came hither?

Tac. No my Lord, not I, this I remember
We supt with *Gustus*, and had wine good store.
Whereof I thinke I tasted liberally:
Amongst the rest we drunke a composition,
Of a most delicate and pleasant relish,
That made our braines some-what irregular.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 19.

The Senses awake, Lingua *asleepe*, Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis, *drawing* Crapula.

Heu. My Lord, here's a fat Rascall was lurking in a bush very suspitiously, his name he saies is *Crapula*.

Com.S. Sirra, speake quickly what you know of these troubles.

Crap. Nothing my Lord, but that the Senses were mad, and that *Somnus*, at my request, laid them asleepe in hope to recouer them.

Com. S. Why then 'tis too euident, *Acrasia* at *Lingua's* request, betwitcht the Senses, wake her quickly *Heuresis*.

Ling. Heigh ho, out alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

Co.S. Lingua look so strangely vpon the matter, you haue confest in your sleepe, that with a Crowne and a Robe you haue disturb'd the Senses, vsing a crafty helpe to enrage them, can you deny it?

Ling. Aye me, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lordship forgiue me. *(He consults with Memory)*

Com.S. No, no, 'tis a fault vnpardonable.

Pha. In my conceit *Lingua* you should seale vp your lips, when you goe to bed, these Feminine tongues be so glib.

Com.S. Visus, *Tactus*, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you we confirme as irreuocable, and establish the Crowne to you *Visus*, and the Robe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua*.——

Lin. Let me haue mine owne, howsoeuer you determine, I beseech you.

Com. S. That may not be, your goods are fallen into our hands, my ſentence cannot be recalled; you may ſee, thoſe that ſeek what is not theirs, oftentimes loſe what's their owne: Therfore, *Lingua*, granting you your life, I commit you to cloſe priſon in *Guſtus* his houſe; and charge you *Guſtus* to keepe her vnder the cuſtody of two ſtrong dores, & euery day till ſhe come to 80. yeeres of age, ſee ſhe be well garded with 30. tall watchmen, without whoſe licence ſhe ſhall by no meanes wag abroad, neuertheleſſe vſe her Lady-like, according to her eſtate.

Phan. I pray you, my Lord, adde this to the iudgement that whenſoeuer ſhe obtaineth licenſe to walke abroad, in token the Tongue was the cauſe of her offence, let her weare a Veluet-hood made iuſt in the faſhion of a great tongue, in my conceit 'tis a very pretty Embleme of a woman.

Tac. My Lord, ſhe hath a vile Boy to her Page, a chiefe agent in this Treaſon, his nam's *Mendacio*.

Com. S. Ha? well, I will inflict this puniſhment on him for this time, let him be ſoundly whipt, and euer after, though he ſhall ſtrengthen his ſpeeches with the ſinewes of truth, yet none ſhall beleeue him.

Pha. In my immagination, my Lord, the day is dead to the great Toe, & in my conceit it growes darke, by which I coniecture it wil be cold, therfore in my fancy and opinion 'tis beſt to repaire to our lodgings. *Exeunt omnes, exceptis Anamneſtes & Appetitus.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 20.

Anamneſtes, Appetitus aſleepe in a corner.

An. What's this, a fellow whiſpering ſo cloſely with the earth, ho, ſo hoe, ſo how, *Appetitus*, how, I'faith now I thinke *Morpheus* himſelfe hath bin here, vp with a poxe to you, vp you luske, I haue ſuch newes to tell thee: Sirra all the Senſes are well, and *Lingua* is proued guilty, vp, vp, vp, I neuer knew him ſo faſt aſleepe in all my life. *Appetitus ſnores.*

Nay then haue at you afreſh, tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.

Ap. Iog me once againe, and Ile throw this hot meſſe of pottage in your face, cannot one ſtand quietly at the Dreſſer for you.

An. Ha, ha, ha, I thinke it is impoſſible for him to ſleepe longer then he dreames of victuals, what *Appetitus*, vp quickly, quickly vp quickly ſirra: tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.

Appe.

Appe. Ile come preſently, but I hope you'le ſtay till they bee roaſted, will you eate them raw.

Ana. Roaſted, ha, ha, ha; vp, vp, vp, away.

Appe. Reach the ſawce quckly, here's no ſage, whaw, whaw, whaw, oh, oh, oh,

An. What neuer wake, tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe, wilt neuer be,
Then I muſt try another way I ſee.

EPILOGVS.

IVdicious friends, it is ſo late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite:
Then ſince the cloſe vpon his riſing ſtands,
Let me obtaine this at your courteous hands:
Try if the friendly opportunity
Of your good will, and gracious Plaudity,
With the thrice welcome murmure it ſhall keepe,
Can beg this Priſoner from the bands of ſleepe.

Plaudite.

Vpon the *Plaudite*, *Appetitus* waketh
And runneth in after *Anamneſtes*.

FINIS.